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Money doesn't grow on trees, but Eddie often thought how much easier things would be if it did.

Easier than working

A short story by NORMA MANSFIELD

AS Eddie was tying his tie, Biff knocked on the front door, and came right in. Eddie's bed wasn't made, but Biff had never seen it when it was.

"New shirt?" Eddie said, and took another swipe at his hair standing up all over his head.

"Set me back ten bucks," Biff said, and ran a hand over his sleeked hair. "Old man working again?"

Eddie nodded. "Nightwatchman down at Sellers Warehouse. He doesn't know when to quit. Sixty-eight and still packing his lunch and eating it on a job." He twitched his shoulders angrily. "He could be taking it easy right here at home, sitting on his Social Security, but you can't tell him a thing, not a thing. He's still telling me."

He looked around him at the untidy mess of his room. There had been a time when he'd kept it clean, but lately it hadn't seemed worth it. "Girls waiting outside?" he said.

"Yes—in Lucy's car. Mine's in dock again. I got twenty months left to pay on it, and it's been in there half the time."

"How about the girl Lucy brought along? Good-looking?" He picked up a shirt and a pair of socks and threw them into the cupboard.

"She's a swell little kid," Biff said heartily. A fellow like Biff, big, good-looking, quick with his words, could be choosy, Eddie thought. But he wasn't envious. He never had any trouble getting a girl himself.

"You know Lucy," Biff said. "She's good-looking herself, so you'd think she'd maybe pick out a looker to take along on a double date once in a while, but that's girls for you, I guess."

"Sure, sure," Eddie said. He didn't think Lucy was so good-looking. Too tall, too much make-up, too much talk. He hadn't expected anything special for himself, from Biff's phone call earlier.

"There's two kinds of girls. Some can dance and some can't. Otherwise they're all alike. Let's go," he said and twitched his shoulders again. His suit was new, and he'd paid plenty for it, but he wasn't sure he liked the fit through his shoulders, or maybe he was putting on a little weight. The job he was on now didn't strain him.

The night was grey with a heavy mist so he couldn't get much of a first look at the girl waiting for him in the back seat of Lucy's car. Lucy was visible all right and her perfume was waiting for him a couple of feet from the car.

"Hi, kid!" he said and patted her arm. "Is this for me?" He smiled at the girl in the back seat and opened the car door and got in beside her.

"Her name's Peggy," Lucy said, turning half around; "Peggy Brown, and she's just moved into the boarding-house. She's a waitress."

"That doesn't leave you much feet to dance on at the end of a day, does it?" Eddie said.

"I couldn't get too tired to dance," the girl said from her corner.

Her voice was nice, a little solemn maybe, but pleasant.

Eddie waited for her to say something more. When she didn't, he found himself stopped for a minute. Lucy's friends usually talked as much as Lucy.

"You live here in town?" he said.

"No, this is all new to me." As she spoke Peggy turned to look out at the mist. Her profile was downright pretty.

She could dance. Eddie wasn't very tall, but Peggy was just enough shorter to fit his arms exactly, and she let him be the engineer. It got so Eddie hated to see a dance end. He still hadn't got a good long look at her by the middle of the evening, and she didn't talk while she was dancing, nor have much chance to talk when she wasn't, with Lucy spinning out a long yarn all evening between dances, about "I said to her" and "she said to me," concerning fur coats. Lucy wanted a fur coat.

"What about you?" Eddie said when they were dancing again. "Don't you want a fur coat?"

She leaned back a little and looked up at him. Her eyes were grey—as grey as the mist. "I inherited a little money and I have some saved," she said. "I have a thousand dollars. I could buy one."

It gave Eddie a shock to have her come right out like that to a man she scarcely knew. He wished he had that much money in a bank. He wished he had half that much.

"You don't want to go around telling that to people," he said a little roughly.

The lashes swept up at him again. "Why not?" Peggy said.

"A lot of people might try to get it away from you, one way or the other. What I mean, some men would marry a girl for that much money. And then ditch out on her maybe."

"Would you?"

"No," Eddie said sharply. "I wouldn't do it, but how do you know I wouldn't?"

"You couldn't be like you are and do a thing like that," she said calmly.

"How do you know what I'm like?" Eddie said, still hot. "You don't know anything about me. You just met me to-night. I'm a good dancer, sure. I should be. That's all I get any fun out of doing, and do a lot of it, but that's all you know about me."

He didn't say any more, but his thoughts kept on arguing with her, putting her straight. Later, over a drink somewhere—but when the last dance was over, Peggy didn't want a drink.

"I'd better go home to bed," she said. They stood, the four of them, in the parking lot where Lucy's car waited. Lucy looked at Biff uncertainly.

"We'll get a taxi," Eddie said. "I'll take her home."

He lifted his hand to a cruising taxi, but Peggy said she'd rather walk. "Walk!" Eddie said. "You've been waiting on tables all day and dancing all night, and now you want to walk home?"

"I'm not tired," she said. "Come on."

"I wanted to talk to you, anyway," Eddie said. "I meant what I said back there. You want to know a man darned well before you talk about your bank account to him. A thousand bucks is a thousand bucks, and it's pretty tough for a man to lay a nickel by these days."

"Is it?" she said. "Why?"

"Why?" He waved an exasperated hand. "Because it is, that's why."

"Don't you work? Don't you have a job?"

Please turn to page 6

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PV11

CASUALLY,

Eddie replied to Peggy's question. "Yes," he said, "I have a job, and the old man has, too, and we share expenses, except for the car. I bought that and I pay for the running of it."

He'd got off the subject somewhere. He felt around in his thoughts for what he meant to say.

"If you want to, you can," she said.

"You can what?"

They had reached the boarding-house. A dim light in the hall showed through the curtained front door, but otherwise the old frame building was dark.

"If you want to, you can what?" Eddie said, with an edge on his voice.

She was a step above him. She looked down, smiling a little, studying him.

"You can do almost anything, if you want to," she said. "If you really want to work hard at it."

"Ah, boloney," he said. He started away from her. He had this same line from the old man at home all the time, all the time. And where had it got pop? Night-watchman in a warehouse.

"Good-night, then," she said a little uncertainly. But he caught up with her outside the door.

"Look," he said, "some guys get the breaks and some guys don't. That's what it amounts to. That's all it amounts to." But he didn't want to fight with her. "I'll see you again sometime."

"Sometime," she said.

"Kiss me good-night?"

He walked away from there feeling about her kiss as he had about dancing, bereft without it, but he didn't kid himself.

Any girl who's already saved a thousand dollars and who would lecture a man about working hard on the first date she had with him wasn't anyone he'd want for a wife. Life was too short.

Pop was home when Eddie got there. The old man, Eddie called him, but you couldn't tell he was sixty-eight by the way he slipped around the kitchen, cooking himself a steak and fried potatoes. His hair was grey, but he still had plenty of it, and his muscle was still muscle, not fat.

"In early, ain't you?" he said, and poured a cup of coffee. "Get yourself a plate. There's plenty here for two."

"Thanks," Eddie said. "I'm not hungry. Car act all right?"

"Got me to work and got me home again, if that's what you mean." The old man had never got over Eddie's putting three thousand into a car.

"How's Joe?" Pop said. He asked the same question every night.

"Whanged his thumb with a hammer and split it open."

Joe was Eddie's boss, a contractor, a man who fretted his life away making a puny dollar building a puny house so he could call himself his own boss. Eddie, between bigger jobs, was helping him out. He was a friend of Pop's.

"That's too bad," Pop said. "Is it going to lay him up?"

"If it doesn't, it should."

"You wouldn't talk that way if it was your money covering the contract."

"I could use a day off," Eddie said.

Easier Than Working

Continued from page 5

His father, sipping scalding coffee, looked up with the cup at his lips.

"Joe hit your thumb with the same hammer?" he said dryly.

Here we go again, Eddie thought.

"Anything to keep you from going over there and putting in your day's work whether Joe does or not?" Pop continued.

"Yes," Eddie said briefly. "I need some time to wash the car."

"Are you willing to spend a day's wages to get your car washed?"

"I don't look at it that way."

Pop's coffee cup clattered against the saucer as he set it down. "What's come over you, Eddie?" he said. "You used to work a man's day. You'd come home here tired, and feel good because you'd worked hard enough to get tired. Now you're putting in your time, but you ain't doing half a day's work. What's wrong, Eddie? What's come into you?"

"Has Joe been complaining?" Eddie said tightly.

"He isn't pleased." Pop pushed the plate of food away from him. "And I don't blame him. He's a good man to work for, Joe is. He had some plans for you, for you and him, but he doesn't have them any more." Now Pop did look old. "They were good plans, Eddie."

"Sure," Eddie said. "He wants me to find a bushel of dollars lying around somewhere to go into cabinet-making with him."

"You're good with your tools, Eddie. There's none better."

"I get along all right."

"Get along!" Pop said. He slapped the table with his calloused palm.

"Where would you be if I'd done no more than get along all my life? Where'd your brothers and sisters be? You never went hungry, did you? You never went ragged. You had your high-school education, didn't you? All seven of you. And now look at you, paying a hundred and ten bucks for your suits, buying a car you can't afford, doing a boy's work for a man's pay and complaining you aren't paid enough."

Pop levelled a finger at him. "You young punks," he shouted, "you haven't got the guts to sweat out five dollars' worth of work a day! A man asks you to earn maybe half of what you're getting paid, and you walk out on him! You go down to the hiring hall and get yourself something easier."

He looked straight at Eddie. "By gosh," he said, "it's a sorry day when a man can look at his own son and say, 'I wouldn't have you on a job of mine! I wouldn't hire you!'"

Eddie's chair slammed to the floor. He stood up. His mouth was dry. "Hard work didn't bring you any millions," he said harshly. "What'd it get you? It got you a night-watchman's job in a warehouse down near the wharves, that's what it got you. You're sixty-eight, and you're still working because you don't know how to stop. Ah!"

He swiped an angry hand through the air. "Anybody who works that hard is a darned fool," he said.

Pop stood up, too. He wasn't angry any more. He looked taller than he was, straighter.

"I'm still paying my own way, son," he said quietly. "And I'm still trying to do a little more than I'm paid to do, the way I always have. I'm not complaining."

Eddie opened his mouth, but closed it again without saying anything. These rows always ended the same way.

"Let's get these dishes done," the old man said. He sounded tired.

"You go on to bed," Eddie said sulkily. "I've still got the strength to do dishes."

He wasn't sleepy when he'd finished the dishes, so he put on his hat again and went out. Pop had been right about one thing. Five years ago, when Eddie had started to work, he had come home from a day dog-tired, but he had put an end to that by the end of the first year.

He had taken a lot of ribbing from other men, men older than he was, good workmen, too, drawing a lot more money than he was, and doing less to earn it. So what?

So, unless you were too dumb, you cased up, too, except when the foreman came around. You worked like crazy for fifteen or twenty minutes then, for the book; the rest of the time you saved your strength. Why not? You got the same pay either way.

The trouble with me, Eddie thought, is I don't get enough exercise. He thought maybe he ought to get out at the week-ends more, go up to Mt. Rainier, maybe, get in a few hikes.

YES, Eddie thought, Joe gets laid up with that bad thumb, I'll take the day off and collect Peggy, and we'll drive up to Mt. Rainier.

Joe was already on the job when Eddie got to work the next morning. The older man's thumb was bandaged and it stuck straight out from the rest of his hand, but he hadn't been to see a doctor.

"First thing he'd say would be, 'Lay off work a couple of days and soak it,'" Joe said. "I can't spare the time, Eddie. We're behind where I'd figured we'd be. The way things are right now, I'm not going to make much on this job. Any more delay and I'll lose money. I can't afford it."

He was a thin man, about fifty, subject to cramps in his stomach. Eddie had seen him half doubled up, moving painfully from his work bench to the job in hand, but never stopping. And he set to the job to-day as though he expected to do two men's work. He had a couple of kids still at school. He had to keep hustling.

There were only the two of them, Joe and Eddie, working on this house right now, building cupboards and wardrobes and storage chests. Eddie liked the work well enough, but it had made him sore sometimes to see Joe running on the job, and expecting Eddie to do the same. Let Joe run. It was his contract. But it began to get to him to see Joe wince every time he had to hold a board with his left hand and hammer with

his right, jarring that left thumb with every crack.

"You better stay home to-morrow, give your hand a chance," he said at the end of the day.

Joe didn't say anything until he straightened up, and even then he stood looking at Eddie thoughtfully, as though he were weighing what Eddie meant against what he'd said.

Eddie didn't like that look, but this job was temporary, He'd only taken it because the old man had asked him to. There was a big job opening up for him in another week or two.

Joe said briefly, "I'll be here." But after he'd climbed into his car he sat a moment looking at his thumb. Finally he leaned out of the car. "If I can't make it to-morrow I'll call you before breakfast," he said.

Eddie was so sure Joe wouldn't make it the next day that he drove around to Peggy's boarding-house that night to make the date for Mt. Rainier the next day. But Peggy had gone to a movie.

"With a man?" Eddie said before he thought.

The girl who had answered the door—a stranger to Eddie—said, "Wouldn't you like to know?" and laughed.

"Think you could remember to give her a note if I printed her name on it in big letters so you could read it?" Eddie said coldly.

"Don't feel bad about having to print, son," she said. So she won the round.

Joe called the next morning, early. "I don't suppose you'd want to go on over and finish up that kitchen, would you?" he said, as though he knew the answer.

"I thought I'd take the day. I made some plans," Eddie said. When Joe hung up without saying anything more, Eddie stood a moment, undecided.

But he'd left that note for Peggy, and plain sense told him if she was going out every night she wouldn't waste much time on a fellow who asked for the lease of a whole day and later cancelled the lease.

He left a note for Pop explaining why he'd taken the car, and by the time he was three blocks from home the thought of seeing Peggy again started him whistling. It didn't occur to him that she wouldn't be waiting.

Even after she was in the car and Eddie was heading it south, he'd driven ten miles or so, agreeing with Peggy that it was a perfect day and this was a wonderful idea, before it occurred to him to ask her if she'd had trouble getting the day off.

"I traded with one of the girls who was supposed to be off to-day. She was glad to do it. She didn't have anything planned," Peggy said.

Her hat had covered most of her hair the other night, and Eddie hadn't really seen her. He still couldn't call her pretty—she was better than pretty. She reminded him of sunshine and apple blossoms and four-leaf clovers.

"Lucky me," he said.

"Lucky me, too." It wasn't funny, but they laughed. They laughed at everything, and felt the silences tingling between them when they weren't talking.

Please turn to page 32

Arabella

By GEORGETTE HEYER

FOURTH INSTALMENT OF OUR TEN-PART SERIAL

THERE is great excitement at the vicarage at Heythram, Yorkshire, when ARABELLA, eldest daughter of the REVEREND TALLANT, is invited to spend a London season with her godmother, wealthy LADY BRIDLINGTON.

On the way to London, a carriage breakdown forces Arabella to seek shelter at the hunting-box of MR. BEAUMARIS, leader of fashion and society, and she is furious to overhear him tell his friend LORD

FLESTWOOD that this is just a fortune-hunter's trick to meet him.

She retaliates with a tale that she herself is fabulously wealthy; then in London she is ashamed to admit this to her godmother. Beaumaris, however, spreads the tale in devilment, and Lady Bridlington is amazed and delighted at the flattering attention paid to her young guest.

This reaches its height when Beaumaris comes to Arabella's first party and flirts openly with her. NOW READ ON:

LADY BRIDLINGTON was in raptures over Mr. Beaumaris. She could talk of nothing else the day after the party. While he had sat beside Arabella, not a smile, not a gesture had escaped the good lady's anxious eye, and over and over again she told Arabella that her success was now assured. It was not until her first transports had somewhat abated that she could be rational on the subject.

Then the more she thought of Mr. Beaumaris' pronounced attentions to the girl, the more she remembered how many innocent maidens had fallen victims to his charm, and she determined to put Arabella on her guard.

So she said with an earnest voice and with a slightly anxious look in her eye, "I am persuaded, my love, that you are too sensible a girl to be taken in. But, you know, I stand to you in place of your mama, and I think I should tell you that Mr.

Beaumaris is a most accomplished flirt! No one could be more delighted than I am that he should have singled you out, but he is a confirmed bachelor. Indeed, I could not tell you the number of hearts he has broken!"

Arabella had not been the reigning belle for twenty miles round Heythram without learning to distinguish between the flirt and the man who was in earnest.

"I know very well that Mr. Beaumaris means nothing by his compliments," she said. "Indeed, I am in no danger of being deceived."

"Well, my love, I hope not!"

"You may be sure I am not. If you do not see any objections, ma'am, I mean to encourage Mr. Beaumaris' attentions and make the best use I may of them. He believes himself to be amusing himself at my expense; I mean to turn him to very good account! But as for losing my heart—no, indeed!"

"Mind, we cannot depend upon his continuing to single you out," said Lady Bridlington, with unwonted caution. "However, last night's work was enough to launch you, my dear, and I am deeply thankful. You will be invited everywhere, I daresay!"

She was quite right. Within a fortnight Arabella was in the happy position of finding herself with five engagements for the same evening.

She had been seen at the fashionable hour of the Promenade in the Park, sitting beside Mr. Beaumaris in his high-perch phaeton; she had been almost mobbed at the theatre; she was on nodding terms with all manner of exalted persons; she had received two proposals of marriage.

Meanwhile Lord Bridlington, travelling by first post all the way, had returned from the Continent to discover what his mother meant by filling his house with unknown females in his absence.

He expressed himself in measured terms as being most dissatisfied with Lady Bridlington's explanation. He was a stocky, somewhat ponderous young man, with more sobriety than belonged to his twenty-six years.

It was a mystery to him why his mother should want to waste her time at social functions, nor why she should have been foolish enough to have invited a giddy girl to stay with her. He was afraid that the cost of all this mummery would be shocking.

Lady Bridlington was a trifle cast down by this severity, but since her late husband had left her to the enjoyment of a handsome jointure, out of which she always shared the expenses of the house in Park Street with William, she was able to point out to him that the charge of entertaining Arabella fell upon her, and not upon him.

Furthermore, as Arabella's success had quite gone to her head, she was in no mood to listen to sober coun-

sel, and declared that he was talking a great deal of nonsense; upon which he bowed, compressed his lips, and bade her afterwards remember his words.

"I will allow her to be a pretty enough young female," he added fairly-mindedly, "but there is a levity in her bearing which I cannot like, and all this gadding about which she has led you into is not at all to my taste."

"Well, I can't conceive why you should have come running home in this foolish way," retorted his mother.

"I thought it my duty, ma'am," said William.

"It is a great piece of folly, and people will think it excessively odd in you! No one looked to see you in England again until July at the earliest."

Please turn to page 8



"Good gracious!" Arabella cried, staring at the urchin. "What are you doing here?"

ILLUSTRATED BY

Boothmore



THE LAUNDRY BOYS
IN JAVA WERE WIZARDS AT THE
WASHING - BUT THEY NEVER GOT
MY LINEN AS WHITE AS
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Arabella *Continued from page 7*

LADY BRIDGLINGTON was mistaken. No one thought it in the least odd of Lord Bridlington to have curtailed his tour abroad.

The opinion of society was pithily summed up by one matron, who said that she had guessed all along that that scheming Bridlington woman meant to marry the heiress to her own son.

"Anyone could have seen how it could be," she said.

But Miss Tallant and Lord Bridlington, from the very moment of exchanging their first polite greetings, had conceived a strong mutual antipathy, though each was compelled to behave towards the other with due civility.

William could appreciate, and, since he had a provident mind, applaud Mrs. Tallant's ambition to dispose of her daughter creditably. He was shocked to discover that every fortune-hunter in London was dangling after Arabella.

"I am at a loss, ma'am, to guess what you can possibly have said to lead anyone to suppose that Miss Tallant is an heiress," he announced.

Lady Bridlington, who had several times wondered much the same thing, replied uneasily, "I never said a word, William! There is no reason why anyone should suppose such an absurdity."

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," William said stiffly, "but nothing could be more plain to me than that something you have said—inadvertently, I daresay—has done all this mischief. For mischief I must deem it! A pretty state of affairs it will be if we are to have the world saying that you have foisted an impostress upon society."

This terrible forecast temporarily outweighed in Lady Bridlington's mind the sense of strong injustice the rest of her son's remarks had aroused. She turned quite pale and exclaimed, "What is to be done?"

"You may rely upon me, ma'am, to do what is necessary," replied William. "Whenever the opportunity offers, I shall say that I have no notion how such a rumor came to be spread about."

"I suppose you must do so," agreed his mother dubiously.

Her peace of mind was quite cut up. When Arabella came into the room presently, she found her dabbling at her eyes and giving little sniffs. Quite dismayed, Arabella begged to be told the cause of this unhappiness, and Lady Bridlington, glad of a sympathetic audience, poured forth the sum of her grievances.

Arabella listened in stricken silence. Guilt and shame so overpowered her, she could not speak, and her godmother, misreading her feeling, felt contrite.

"I should not have told you!" she said. "It is all William's fault, and I daresay he has exaggerated everything, just as he so often does. You must not let it distress you, my love. And William will make everything right! When he sees the opportunity he will say something to damp such ridiculous notions."

Arabella's head was still bowed. "Does—does Lord Bridlington mean to tell everyone that I—that I have no fortune at all, ma'am?"

"Good gracious, no, child! That would be a fatal thing to do and I hope he would have more sense. He will merely say it has been greatly exaggerated—enough to frighten away the fortune hunters, but that will not weigh with an honest man. Do not give it another thought!"

Distressed though she was, Arabella soon realised that there was, nevertheless, nothing she could do but behave as though nothing were the matter. This, to a naturally buoyant spirit, was not so hard a task as might have been supposed; London was offering too much to Arabella for her to be long cast down.

She would have been a very extraordinary young woman who could have remembered her difficulties while cards and floral offerings were left every day at the house; while invitations poured in to every form of entertainment; while every gentleman was eager to claim her hand for the dances.

She expected to see some considerable diminution in her court once Lord Bridlington had let it be known that her fortune had been grossly exaggerated and braced herself to bear this humiliation.

But, although she knew from Lady Bridlington that William had faithfully performed his part, still the invitations came in and still the unattached gentlemen clustered round her.

She took fresh heart, glad to find that fashionable people were not, after all, so mercenary as she had been led to think.

NEITHER Arabella nor William had the smallest inkling of the true state of affairs; she, because she was too unsophisticated; William, because it never occurred to him that anyone could doubt what he said.

In point of fact, he might as well have spared his breath in all that he said, for he only succeeded in creating an impression that he was anxious to keep other suitors away in order to secure the rich prize for himself.

Since this view was universally held, Arabella was not destined to suffer the mortification of seeing her usual gallants hang back when next she attended the assembly at Almack's.

Lord Bridlington was escorting his mother and her guest, for besides being very correct in such matters, he liked Almack's, and approved of the severity of the rules imposed by its imperious hostesses.

His politeness led him to engage Miss Tallant for the first country dance, a circumstance which made the unsuccessful applicants for her hand exchange significant glances.

The waltz, which was still looked at askance by old-fashioned persons, had long since forced its way into Almack's, but it was still the unwritten law that no lady might venture to take part in it unless one of the patronesses had clearly indicated her approval.

Lady Bridlington had taken care to impress this important convention upon Arabella's mind, so she refused all solicitations to take the floor when the fiddler struck up for it.

Papa would certainly not

approve of the dance, she knew. She had never dared to tell him that she and Sophia had learnt the steps from their friends, the Misses Caterham, a very dashing pair.

So she retired to a chair against the wall, beside Lady Bridlington's, and sat fanning herself and trying not to look as though she longed to be whirling round the floor.

One or two more fortunate damsels, who had watched with disfavor her swift rise to popularity, cast her glances of such pitying superiority that she had to recollect a great many of Papa's maxims before she could subdue the very improper sentiments which entered her breast.

Mr. Beaumaris, who had looked in midway through the evening, apparently for no other purpose than to entertain one of the most forbidding of the hostesses, cast a quizzical glance towards Arabella, and said, "Shall I ask that chat to dance?"

The haughty dowager laughed. "Well! She does not put herself forward, and I find her style excellent. Come!"

Arabella, startled to find herself suddenly confronted by one of the most formidable patronesses, rose quickly.

"You do not dance, Miss Tallant. May I present Mr. Beaumaris to you as a very desirable partner?" said the hostess.

Arabella could only curtsy, and blush and be sorry to find that she was so ill-natured as to be conscious of feelings of ignoble triumph over the ladies who had pitied her.

Mr. Beaumaris led her on to the floor and encircled her waist with one arm, taking her right hand in a light clasp. Arabella was a naturally good dancer, but she felt extremely nervous, partly because she had never attempted the waltz, except in the Misses Caterham's old schoolroom, and partly because it was so strange to be held in such close proximity to a man.

For several turns she answered Mr. Beaumaris very much at random. She was so much shorter than he that her head only just reached his shoulder, and since she felt shy she did not look up, but steadfastly regarded the top of his waistcoat.

Mr. Beaumaris, who was not in the habit of devoting himself to such very young ladies, found this bashfulness amusing and not unattractive.

After he thought she had had time to recover a little, he said, "It is a nice waistcoat, isn't it, Miss Tallant?"

That did make her look up, and quickly, too, her face breaking into laughter. She looked so lovely and her big eyes met his with such a frank, ingenuous expression in them that he was aware of a stir of something in his heart that was not mere amusement.

But he had no intention of going to dangerous lengths with this or any other pretty chit, and he said, in a bantering tone, "It is customary, you know, to exchange polite conversation during the dance. I have now addressed no fewer than three unexceptionable remarks to you without winning one answer!"

"You see, I am minding my steps," she confided seriously.

Please turn to page 35



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A short story complete on this page

Waiting for Rudolph

By DAY RUSSELL

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The three of us stepped back as Rudolph started to sketch Toni.

THE three of us were sitting in the studio waiting, as usual, for Rudolph. One model was never enough for Rudolph. Beauty creates beauty, he said. The higher the price he was offered for his exquisitely elegant drawings (and Rudolph was the current fashion with the fashion magazines), the more beautiful girls he had around him while he drew.

He needed their presence, he said, because the more he was paid the more he needed true beauty to counteract the self-accusation that he might be pawing his talents in the marketplace.

As you can see, Rudolph was quite out of this world. He was an extravert because he had no need to turn inward to dig out his talent. It spilled out of him, carrying him and a lot of other people with it.

The three of us from the model agency (hand picked, of course, because Rudolph never compromised with beauty) were waiting for Rudolph in his studio because he never turned up on time. As a rule, just as we were getting bored, Rudolph would burst in and set the place on fire with ideas.

And in a way, waiting for Rudolph turned our thoughts to deeper things.

"There are two kinds of men," said Mitzi, our ash-blond, "the rest of them and Rudolph."

What she really meant, she explained, was that the world was practically half full of men and that quite a number of them, after they got over their primitive urges, they had the makings of steady husbands even though they might be dull.

"The Rudolphs of this world," Mitzi went on, "are rare like orchids, existing while they last, but hot-house flowers destined to wither at the first sinkful of dishes."

"You sound poetic," replied Trudi, "but at heart you're bourgeois. You think in semi-detached terms, six rooms in the suburbs, hot and cold water, and no maid. It would kill Rudolph."

We all shook our heads regretfully—very, very regretfully.

"Charm," I said, "is not enough."

"No," snapped Mitzi, stepping on our sour grapes. "Only in Rudolphs it is like wine. It makes the world seem a lovely, exciting place; it makes every girl feel twice as beautiful as she is."

Just as that moment Rudolph burst in. He embraced us all. But none of it meant a thing. Then it was over and Rudolph had turned back to the door.

"Toni!" he called, and Toni came in.

She was red-headed and naive and she was also lovely. She made the rest of us feel like midday while she was the first flush of dawn; she was that new.

"Did you ever see anything quite like it?" he asked us. "She was sitting in the agency waiting for an interview and, of course, as soon as I saw her . . ."

He seldom finished sentences. He tore open a box and tossed Toni a gossamer thing of beauty, a garment any girl would love to have in her trousseau.

"Put that on, darling. Walk around in it; stand in it. Feel the exquisite design, the exquisite moment . . . the fragile fabric, the fragile moment."

He took her hands and smiled into her eyes.

"But, darling, you must help. You are excited, but you are also a modern and you have to pretend you are not naive. You are all this, but you are also more."

He waved his hand at the world outside the window.

"You are in New York, Miami, You are in Paris, Venice. You are also in Niagara Falls."

"What you will be in my drawing will sell a million of these ecstasies. But at this moment you are alone, separate; nobody can cross the moment with you." He smiled at her suddenly. "You will help me to draw it?"

He turned to us. "Come, we will be noisy . . . we will mock her with our disillusionment . . . we must separate her from the world . . . make her alone."

He pointed to Trudi. "Darling, put on a record. Mitzi, we will dance; we will all sing."

He took Toni's hand and wafted her behind the screen, so sure of himself, so absorbed in creating an atmosphere, already drawing her in his mind; so very unconscious that, underneath, we others were three jealous cats.

As he turned back he paused and drew his hand across his forehead. "Enchanting creature," he murmured. He looked at us rather vaguely.

"Trudi, Mitzi, Beryl, you must help me. It is important, very important. It is not cold elegance we must have for this. It is warm elegance. It is a challenge."

His hand went across his brow again, a characteristic gesture.

He paused dramatically. "I see this Toni. She is sitting there and all at once I know it is a challenge. I cannot wait to get back. Now it is only the mood. We must create the mood. We must beat her into the mood. We are all the others laughing at this young girl, laughing because we are the knowledge of good and evil but she is the sacrifice of youth to life."

Outside his studio we might have laughed at him; but Rudolph is all drama and he sweeps others with him and you find yourself believing it all just as he says. And, of course, it

is a lot of fun because with Rudolph you let yourself go and do the crazy things you wouldn't do without Rudolph to unlock you inside.

You already know that with Rudolph it is the show he puts on that tells him as much as his art, so you know he isn't so crazy as he behaves. You can have all the talent you like, but if you are dull with it people don't want you. That's something a girl learns early . . . that's why she spends her all on appearance . . . if you can't be bright be as beautiful as you can . . . it's another kind of show anyway.

WE were all madly humming the tune and the studio was beating with a rhythm.

"No, no!" cried Rudolph. "More life, more action. Dance, sing!"

But we were cats at that moment; we were waiting to see what came out from behind that screen. When it came out we stopped humming.

There was something about her that we had all had before we learned too much about the world and make-up; there was the bloom of youth, the flower with the dew still upon it. There was a kind of transparent anticipation breaking through a pretended sophistication. And yet it wasn't only that.

"Come on," cried Rudolph. "Dance! Sing!"

We did just what Rudolph wanted us to do. Poor Toni! She had probably come up to the big town from some small town because somebody had told her she was beautiful enough to be a model. And we were trying to tell her that the whole thing was crazy and she should run back home before she had learnt as we had learnt that it is just another door to life, a life as hard and tough and as full of traps as any other doorway into life.

Not that we cared. We could look after ourselves. We were vet-

erans and we could take our fun where we found it. It was just that this particular kid stirred in us thoughts of things we had forgotten about—like the sun on the lawn of some house deep in the country, the laughter of children, the lifting of the head at the click of the gate to see if he, that elusive he deep in every girl's heart, were coming home.

The only thing to do was to laugh at ourselves and let ourselves go, which we did. Then all of a sudden there was Rudolph waving his arms to us to stop, and we all stepped back while he was already feeling in his pocket for charcoal to begin his sketch. When the work mood descends on Rudolph he sweeps everything out of his way. In our turn each one of us had been the one for whom Rudolph had swept others away.

We sat drinking coffee at the chromium-and-glass milk-bar in the basement of Rudolph's building.

"No," said Trudi, "you couldn't marry Rudolph. What would you have when you get him?"

We all had that nice feminine feeling that if none of us could get him neither could anyone else.

"Poor Toni!" said Trudi. We knew she was thinking of that long road ahead of Toni, having the bad luck to run head on slap into Rudolph and his charm before she had had time to find her feet in the business.

For some reason we sat there and had another cup of coffee and another until Rudolph came down, alone.

"Darling!" he said to all three of us. He said it without feeling; dis-trait, as though he had left his mind upstairs.

"You must do something for me." He ran his fingers across his brow. "Tell Powell she will not be coming

back. Tell them to get someone else, not me. Tell them I am finished. I am painting a picture. I have finished with commercial work."

"Have a cup of coffee," offered Mitzi. "You'll see things in better proportion. We know she's beautiful, but that will pass . . ."

Rudolph suddenly put his hand on her arm. "That's it. It mustn't pass. It is the moment; one must catch the moment and keep it."

"Darling," interrupted Trudi firmly, "you were talking of moments up in the studio just now."

"I know, I know," cried Rudolph with a wave of the hand. "There is a moment in the life of a woman which, taken at its perfection, leads on . . . and on . . . imagine if at that perfect moment in a girl's life there came a man who understood it, took her away, preserved that moment in the amber of his love . . ."

"Poor Toni," sighed Trudi as Rudolph drifted away. "She hasn't got a chance."

"True," said Mitzi. "He has hypnotised himself with his own charm and now he'll hypnotise her."

Which was true; and she got what we'd have given all our other chance to get. She got Rudolph. He married her, took her away to a cottage in the country, and is still doing very well for himself.

"That's the worst of it," said Trudi. She said it just one year later when we heard that it was all coming out like the fairy tale . . . both of them in love and happy ever after.

"What's the worst of what?" asked Mitzi.

"Charm," said Trudi. "It's like pearls. They are either real or artificial and it's hard for a working girl to tell the real thing from the false. We could never quite believe Rudolph, whereas Toni . . ."

"Don't rub it in," sighed Mitzi.

(Copyright)

This trip, pilot Jerry had far more on his mind than the plane

ILLUSTRATED BY WYNNE W. DAVIES



THE tall pilot put his back against the door of the hostess' tiny cabin. "For pity's sake, Jerry!" Sue said. "Get out of here before Donna arrives." But he grabbed her to him and kissed her fervently.

"Damn it!" he said. "I haven't seen you for thirty-six hours and now I'll see you off and on for five days until we're in London. But what good will that be? Honest to goodness, sweetheart, I feel like throwing the whole thing overboard."

He spoke so earnestly that Sue's heart skipped a beat. She had been wanting him to give up flying for a year, ever since they'd been married. And she had sworn she wouldn't marry him unless she could get a job as air-hostess on his run.

But this was fraught with complications, because hostesses can't be married. Married women aren't considered to have quite the appeal to male passengers as have single ones. And men do pay the fares.

Sue said: "All right, darling, let's give it up. You can get a good job at the airport and I'll make a home."

Jerry didn't relax his grip, but his brown, moustached face broke into a frown. "Airport." His voice was disgusted. "That'd drive me mad. Same old thing every day; no variety; no travel; only three-quarters the money. Let's save a bit more, at least, before we settle down."

Sue sighed. She thought it was too good to be true. But in the meantime she couldn't even wear a wedding ring. She and Jerry could show no signs of intimacy at all, and sometimes, when he looked worn-out and weary, she longed to kiss him.

"We're due out in half an hour," she said. "You'd better go before Donna gets here."

"Blast Donna!" Jerry said heartily. Donna was a pain in the neck, he thought sourly. He didn't know why the company thought it necessary to have two hostesses in the one ship. It wouldn't have been so bad if Donna didn't have designs on him.

They heard light footsteps on the boarding stairs. Sue pushed Jerry away and wiped her lipstick from his lips hurriedly. Jerry started to talk loudly about the weather report and was leaning back casually against the wall when Donna came in.

She smiled her usual smile at him. In an unattached male it might have roused a heart-storm, but Jerry just grinned lazily. Donna reminded him of something shiny in a cellophane packet. From the smooth blond hair under its cap to the tips of her shoes she was flawless.

"Hullo, kids," she said brightly. "Got some news for you. Know who's on the passenger-list and making a nuisance of himself in the operations-room right now? Gorgeous Georgie Halliday!"

Sue turned to look at her. "On this ship?" Jerry said sadly.

"All the way to London," Donna said. "And he's going to make it a test flight. He wants to see how

Suddenly a man knocked against Halliday, grabbed at Sue, and made to push her into the car.

WYNNE W. DAVIES

Love in Flight

By PAUL TANNE



efficient everyone is along the route. He's showing the operations-room boys the right way to stick little flags in maps."

Jerry growled in his throat and went out. As if things weren't complicated enough without having the line secretary as a passenger. Nobody had much time for Gorgeous Georgie. Opinion was that he had got the job too young and it had gone to his head. He knew how important he was and he wanted everyone else to know it.

He was also well aware of his good looks and was known to be considerably surprised whenever they failed to gain him access to a pretty girl's attentions.

In the busy last half-hour before departure Sue didn't see Jerry again. One of her duties was to stand at the foot of the stairs and check tickets. It was here that she first saw George Halliday crossing the tarmac towards the plane. He was as well groomed as always and was accompanied by the night traffic manager.

He held out his tickets to Sue. She smiled. "I don't have to worry about you, Mr. Halliday," she said.

Halliday frowned and stroked his thin, precise moustache. "Miss Bartlett," he said chidingly, "because I am the company secretary there is no reason for me to expect or receive preferential treatment. In any case, my papers might not be in order, and I would expect you to see my error."

Sue could have smacked his face. She made a show of examining his papers, a little surprised that he knew her name. Halliday always made a point of addressing people by name. He shook hands with the night manager and climbed up into the ship.

He was the last passenger, and five minutes later they were airborne. Not one of the crew had a minute for personal thoughts for at least two hours while passengers were settled and the normal routine after take-off was in operation.

Halliday began to make a nuisance of himself almost immediately. His buzzer rang constantly while he sought information of height, whereabouts, fellow-passengers, weather conditions ahead, and expected landing times. When he had all that he wanted cups of tea and the evening papers, both things he would have got as a matter of course.

"The drip!" Sue exclaimed. "He gives me a look as if he thinks he's caught me out on something."

However, the look Halliday was giving Sue was definitely not that kind of look.

It was such an intense look it disturbed her, and her guilty conscience made her fear Halliday knew her secret. Every time she went along the ship his eyes followed her until she stopped beside his seat and asked if he wanted something.

"Thank you, no," he said, smiling. He was good-looking, Sue thought. And he couldn't be a day more than thirty-five. "I'm being looked after very well."

Sue smiled and began to walk on when he reached out and held her arm. "I'm sorry if I sounded abrupt at the airport," he said in quite a different tone of voice. "It was boorish of me." He let his hand drop.

"Yes," Sue said sweetly, "wasn't it?" She smiled again and went back to her cabin. She had horrified herself. She hadn't meant to say it. What had made her do it? She peered out of her door and saw that Halliday was preparing for sleep. She wanted to see Jerry before she, too, went to sleep. But she couldn't walk through the plane again yet. She sighed. Donna would be forward with the crew, making eyes at Jerry. It was one thing that didn't worry her; she knew how much Jerry loved her.

But the thought of not being able to kiss him again until they somehow got away by themselves in London sent her to sleep unhappy.

After breakfast in the morning Halliday introduced himself to the passengers and urged them to make any suggestions they might have to improve the service. He even entered the pilots' cabin until Jerry gruffly suggested that it might not be a good example for him to set as passengers were barred in the cabin. Halliday agreed that it was and complimented Jerry on ordering him out.

"Very conscientious captain," he said approvingly to Sue when he came out.

Sue smiled. "Thank you," she said gratefully.

Halliday looked at her sharply. "Mmm?" he said.

"On behalf of the crew, thank you," Sue said easily. She had never made a slip like that before, but she couldn't help but have a proprietary interest in Jerry.

Halliday looked out the window at the glistening Java Sea. "It interests me what you people do with yourselves in London," he said.

"Sight-seeing, good shows, shopping," Sue said. "Sometimes we run across to France for a day or so. There's not much time between trips to do much."

"No," Halliday said thoughtfully. "I suppose not."

They were standing at the rear of

the ship. Donna was in the hostess cabin writing up flight cards for the passengers. Halliday picked up Sue's hand and ran his fingers round her sleeve. "We're thinking of making three grades of hostess with sleeve stripes to match." He didn't let her hand go.

"I really don't think it's necessary," Sue said. "There's only one grade—the best. You couldn't say any one girl was better than any other."

"I like your loyalty," Halliday said. "But we feel there would be an incentive—"

Sue looked round to see Jerry walking down the ship. He faltered a little when he saw Halliday holding her hand, then came on more quickly. "What the devil—?" he began and stopped short. Halliday dropped Sue's hand quickly and turned. "Hullo, Captain Denison," he said amiably. "Flying to schedule?"

Sue thought Jerry looked as if he would like to throw Halliday into the slipstream. "On time," he said gruffly. "Just wanted to speak to S—Miss Bartlett on a flight matter."

"Of course," Halliday said. "Duty first." He smiled at Sue and went back to his seat.

JERRY glared at her. "Are you doing a line with that character?" he demanded. "Now look, Sue, I won't—"

"Don't be ridiculous!" she snapped. "You know quite well that I wouldn't."

"All I know is that I saw him holding your hand," Jerry said grimly. He was frowning.

"He was only explaining something to me," Sue said more patiently.

"Do you let every man who wants to explain something to you hold your hand?" Jerry asked loudly. "I won't have it, Sue! Just because he's the line secretary—"

Donna's amused voice came from behind them. She was leaning in the hostess-cabin doorway. "Come off it, skipper," she said. "Your duties don't include looking after us poor girls. If Gorgeous Georgie has a crush on Sue she'd be crazy not to run with him."

"What!" Jerry almost shouted. He went red in the face and Sue feared he might give the show away. "Look here," he said, shaking a finger at Donna, "do you think I'm going to stand by and see my—"

"I think you're being dictatorial," Sue said. "You might be the captain, but you've no right to treat me like a child. Or like your . . . your . . . wife. I'm quite old enough to take care of myself."

Jerry glared at her, speechless. Donna put her hand on his arm. "Go back for tea and I'll bring you coffee," she said gently. "We don't want you in such a temper that you'll run us into a mountain."

Sue was pale and breathless. "Do try and understand," she said, and hoped that her tone of voice would say what she couldn't put in words. Jerry turned abruptly on his heel and went back to his cabin.

"Imagine that!" Donna said. "I never knew he was like that. Don't you take any notice, Sue. The line secretary would do me for a husband!"

"But—supposing you didn't love him?" Sue said, in astonishment.

Donna laughed. "Love! What's his love to luxury? And Gorgeous Georgie isn't exactly hard to look at. You go your hardest, pal." She winked and went to prepare Jerry's coffee.

Sue felt weak at the knees. She and Jerry had never fought before. And there were three more days in the plane. She saw Halliday peering round his seat at her and she smiled.

It would achieve nothing to antagonise him, and rebuffs, she was sure, would only make him more persistent. A man didn't become secretary of a big company at 35 by taking no for an answer.

You can't get away from people in a plane, even a big one, and Sue saw quite a lot of George Halliday—right across the oceans, India, Arabia, Italy, France.

Jerry came out of his cabin every hour, it seemed. And almost every time he did chance had it that Halliday and Sue were speaking. Jerry grew surly and silent. Sue was sure he hardly slept at all. Donna didn't seem to notice. In their cabin she dreamily remarked that she couldn't understand why Jerry hadn't been married long ago.

"Too jealous for most girls, I suppose," Sue said with ill-concealed bitterness. She felt that Jerry didn't trust her; that he was putting the worst possible construction on something that was to her quite innocent. Darn it, she thought; how does he think I can avoid the man in this glorified saveloy? And the secretary at that!

Donna was staring at her. "Jealous?" she said. "What's he got to be jealous about?"

"Did I say jealous?" Sue said wearily. "I meant officious." You saw what he did to me. How do you think he'd treat his wife?

"I don't know," Donna said thoughtfully. "But it might be interesting to find out."

Sue looked at her, startled, but

Donna didn't notice. "He's tired," she said, still thoughtfully, "that's the time to attack a man. He's wide open when he's tired."

"Oh!" Sue said in a small voice.

"I'm sure he likes me," Donna went on. "But maybe he sees me only as a hostess. I've got to make him realise I'm a woman." She said it with such significance that it held Sue speechless.

"When we get to London," Donna said softly.

Sue pulled herself together. "I've often wondered if perhaps he is married," she said. "That could be why he doesn't take much notice of you."

Donna apparently didn't see the slur. "He's not married," she said confidently. "I had his records checked at the office. Anyway, he doesn't act like a married man."

"Doesn't he?" Sue felt a little dazed.

"Didn't anyone ever tell you that married men are even more predatory than single ones when they're away from their wives?" Donna smiled knowledgeably.

Somehow, Sue managed to find a small ray of comfort in this. For Jerry wasn't away from his wife.

They were over Southern France—next stop Paris—almost before the passengers knew it. But Sue thought she had never had such a long flight. The passengers were asking a lot of questions now, as they always did nearing their destination. The hostesses were kept busy.

Sue turned from assuring an elderly lady that there wasn't a chance of the ship's hitting the Eiffel Tower to find Halliday beckoning.

"Look," he said. "I've been thinking. You must know London pretty well and I don't know it at all. I wondered if you'd be my guide for a few days?" It was as much an instruction as a request.

"I'm afraid I'm rather booked up," she said. "There's only a few days between trips and—"

"Supposing I arranged for the London office to have a relief hostess make the return trip?" he said with the air of a benevolent uncle springing a big surprise. "Then you could pick up your regular flight on its next trip."

"It wouldn't be fair to the others," she said desperately. "I don't think I'd better. And I have to get back to Sydney to—"

"It can wait," Halliday said cheerfully. "It's all arranged, Miss Bartlett. Fairness doesn't come into it. Oh yes, would you ask the captain to see me next time he has a spare period? No hurry."

Please turn to page 30

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EY 52-1

Editorial

Vol. 19, No. 34

January 23, 1952

TWO GALLANT WARRIORS

TWO news items headlined simultaneously lit up a dreary world. The items were not related.

One was the vigil of Captain "Stayput" Carlsen, skipper of a freighter crippled in the Atlantic. The other was Winston Churchill's visit to America for policy talks with Mr. Truman.

The items had, as one connecting link, however, a similar sort of courage, even though it was displayed by two different men in two very different situations.

It is the sort of line-of-duty gameness which transfigured "a nation of shopkeepers" and made a great empire.

This quality is an outcrop of the best in the British spirit. It was exemplified by Mr. Churchill during World War II. To it, of course, he adds his own particular "color"—a sort of Prince Rupert dash and an oratory that makes his phrases ring out like a flourish of trumpets.

Almost any other man would have been daunted by the sticky military and economic entanglements of his mission.

But Mr. Churchill is a gallant old warrior who knows Britain need make no apologies for her impoverishment. He hardly needs to say that, in spite of it, Britain will play her part in ensuring the peace and freedom of the world.

There's another connecting link. It was a British tug that went to the rescue of Captain "Stayput's" American vessel.

It wouldn't have been up to his usual oratorical standard, but what Mr. Churchill might have said to Mr. Truman was: "You tell us where you want to go and we'll tug you there."

OUR COVER

. . . is Wep at his best. A crowded beach gives him plenty of scope for his customary gay and wicked observation. Incidentally, next time you are jammed in a bus or on a crowded station platform, try seeing the scene as Wep would draw it. It helps.

This week:

● Our artist Wynne W. Davies limped into this office recently with burned feet—the result of fire-fighting at Springwood, N.S.W., where he lives. During recent weeks, Wynne, at work in his studio, has been ready constantly to drop his brushes at the sound of a fire siren. While helping burn fire-breaks he had the soles of his shoes burned off. Wynne has always taken a part in Blue Mountains civic activities. He is chairman of the Springwood Bushfire Relief Appeal and vice-chairman of the Central Committee of the Blue Mountains Bushfire Appeal, which aims to rehabilitate 57 property owners after the recent disastrous fires.

Wynne, who illustrates the short story on pages 10 and 11 of this issue, has been with The Australian Women's Weekly since its inception, except for seven years in the U.S. Born in London of Welsh parents, he won a scholarship to the South Kensington Museum School of Art at the age of 11. Later, he sailed before the mast for four years, was a jackeroo in Queensland before turning to art as a livelihood. Rejected on medical grounds for military service, he was on loan as an honorary instructor in camouflage and field sketching to armored units and infantry in N.S.W. during World War II.

Next week:

● You'll probably want to send next week's paper overseas. We've chosen the week in which Australia Day falls to use three pages of beautiful color pictures of Sydney Harbor as it looks to-day, 164 years after the landing of Captain Phillip.

● Women who expect to be on guest lists during the Royal tour may gather some ideas for formal and informal wear from Rene's two pages of color sketches from Paris in next week's paper. Also in color—interiors of the Hon. and Mrs. Simon Warrender's home in Melbourne.

BOOK REVIEW

BY AINSLIE BAKER

THE LONG DIVORCE
THE DEVIL IN VELVET

IN Edmund Crispin's latest book, "The Long Divorce," detective story addicts will be delighted to renew acquaintance with Gervase Fen, Professor of English Language and Literature at Oxford University, and one of the nicest amateur sleuths in whodunit literature.

The professor is brought to the rustic English village of Cotten Abbas by the small affair of some anonymous letters.

Within two days of his arrival a suicide and a murder change the whole aspect of the case.

Among the suspects is a priggish schoolmaster; a religious butcher; Dr. Helen Downing, young, charming, and in debt; the mysterious Mr. Datchery, a man who hates and is hated by the whole village, and his motherless daughter Penelope.

Crispin is to be congratulated on introducing two members of the provincial police force who are neither dolts nor dunderheads. The minor characters, drawn with the author's expected wit and style, are a joy in themselves.

Nor does the caustic, im-

patient, smug Gervase Fen, his hair still standing up in mutinous spikes at the crown of his head, disappoint.

More, please, Mr. Crispin. "The Long Divorce" is published by Gollancz. Our copy from Craftsman Bookshop.

ANOTHER university professor, this time Nicholas Fenton, Professor of History at Cambridge University, is the hero of John Dickson Carr's Restoration mystery melodrama, "The Devil in Velvet."

Fenton makes a pact with the devil and is allowed to go

back in time to the hawdy, turbulent London of the year 1675.

Retaining his own brain and knowledge of history, but inhabiting the body of his namesake Sir Nicholas Fenton, he attempts to solve a mystery that has fascinated him for years.

For murder is afoot in Sir Nicholas' house: murder by arsenic. And in the house are three women who call it owner by the intimate "thou."

They are his wife, Lydia, his mistress, Meg York, and the red-haired slatternly cook, Kitty Softcover.

There is swordplay, the supernatural, political intrigue, and riotous lovmaking. As a frank picture of the manners and morals of Restoration London, Carr has given us another "Forever Amber."

With his profound knowledge and feeling for period, and full-blooded storytelling, Carr has made himself to-day's undisputed master of costume murder.

"The Devil in Velvet" is published by Hamish Hamilton. Our copy from Angus and Robertson.

The Australian Women's Weekly

HEAD OFFICE: 185 Castlereagh Street, Sydney. Letters: Box 4098W, G.P.O.

MELBOURNE OFFICE: Newspaper House, 247 Collins Street, Melbourne. Letters: Box 185C, G.P.O.

BRISBANE OFFICE: 31 Elizabeth Street, Brisbane. Letters: Box 409F, G.P.O.

ADLAIDE OFFICE: 24-26 Halifax Street, Adelaide. Letters: Box 382A, G.P.O.

PERTH OFFICE: 40 Stirling Street, Perth. Letters: Box 481G, G.P.O.

TASMANIA: Letters to Sydney address.

New stockings are . . .

Whistle Bait

NOVELTY stockings like most new ideas are a revival of an old, old story brought up to date.

In the days of Henry VIII—a monarch who should have been well versed in the vagaries of women's behaviour—Court ladies began to embroider their stockings.

Suddenly the fashion has arrived again in a big way. The idea of ornamented stockings has spread to wool and lisle, bringing these long-despised stand-bys back into the limelight.

There are patterned stockings for every occasion—in fact, the stockings might even suggest the occasion. If the fashion becomes general, a man will have merely to glance at his companion's stockings to discover what sort of party she would like.



Daisies—she's an outdoor type; bottles and glasses—enjoys the cocktail hour and conviviality; pearls, diamonds, and sequins—it's a gala evening; butterflies—she likes to flirt about.

The language of the stocking could be the successor to the language of the fan or flowers.

Men who may view the revival dubiously should consider that their own sex was showing a neat leg, sometimes proudly, sometimes magnificently padded, long before women had the temerity to raise their skirts just above the ankle.

Remember how Shakespeare in "Twelfth Night" told of Malvolio coming to Olivia "in yellow stockings, and 'tis a color she abhors; and cross gartered, a fashion she detests." Now, boys, the stocking is on the other leg!



BETTER decorate these stockings. Outlined in black on the filmy nylons, they are said to catch more than the eye of an entomologist.

WOLF WHISTLE. This wolf probably expected the bird, but as the lass passed he saw butterflies. The butterflies are embroidered in black, and are eye-catching on the sheer nylon.

Pictures by ZOLTAN GLASS, noted London photographer



HOMESPUN NOTE. These must be the city girls' idea of country wear. Red and yellow, they say, catch a fellow—so look out you boys from the bush.



DAISIES DO TELL. These stockings are labelled "for country wear." Lisle, too, and so sensible, but Australian blokes would get a bit of a shock if their girl-friends turned up for a picnic in these sky-blue numbers.

BREEDING. The pooch is too well bred to say what he thinks! Red nylons are bad enough, but all that homework, too. Of course, some people will do anything to be noticed, but he didn't think it of his mistress.





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by **STEWART McCRAE**
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5/- at all booksellers.
SHAKESPEARE HEAD PRESS
Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, Adelaide.

ENCEPHALITIS RIDDLE



Mosquitoes are No. 1 suspects as deadly virus carriers

By **MARY COLES**,
staff reporter

Just a year ago, Heather Williams, 3-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. Williams, of Curlwaa, near the N.S.W. border town of Wentworth, was stricken with encephalitis. She is still in the Wentworth District Hospital.

Now, some miles away from where Heather is lying in hospital, a team of scientists is working on the riddle of how the encephalitis virus is transferred to humans.

As well as Heather, 39 other victims were seriously ill in the epidemic that swept the Murray Valley in Victoria and New South Wales last summer and a further 17 people died.

Heather was comatose for months until last October. Dr. J. R. Morris, who is attending her, says that although there was a slight improvement then, her condition in most respects is that of a child of less than two months. At the onset of the disease she was not expected to live and suffered severe convulsions.

At present Heather has chickenpox, but because of her condition it does not seem to inconvenience her. Her mother, who visits her each day, still hopes that she will get better, but it is very doubtful if the little girl will ever enjoy normal health.

Wentworth is close to the confluence of the Murray and Darling Rivers.

The scientists working in the area are from the Melbourne University Department of Experimental Medicine at the Walter and Eliza Hall Institute. Leader of the party is Dr. S. G. Anderson. They have been joined recently by an American, Dr. William C. Reeves, on leave from his post as Associate Professor of Epidemiology and Public Health at the University of California.

It has been established that water-birds in the area have been infected with encephalitis virus but are not affected. The birds are therefore suspected of forming virus reservoirs.

Because the disease occurs only in summer months, it is thought that mosquitoes may be the carriers.

I met Dr. Reeves with two other research workers from Dr. Anderson's team, Sydney entomologist Naney Kent and Malcolm Simpson, both members of the Institute staff.

They were gathering mosquitoes in hundreds in heavy scrub on the banks of the Murray about three miles from Merbein, Victoria.

Dr. Reeves is a likeable character who spends his life hot on the trail of mosquitoes which cause epidemics.

He was one of the team of scientists who discovered that mosquitoes were responsible for the spread of encephalitis in an outbreak in Washington in 1939. This was similar in some respects to the epidemic which struck along the Murray last year.

When I came across the three scientists at work in the scrub I thought they looked like human vacuum-cleaners

FIELD WORKERS of the Walter and Eliza Hall Institute, Naney Kent (left) and Malcolm Simpson, compare catches of mosquitoes with Dr. William C. Reeves, of California, U.S.A. (right), in their search for encephalitis carriers in the Murray Valley.

another. They are as individual in their tastes as humans.

Many species of the insects are to be found in the Murray Valley, where they can obtain a wide variety of food and drink.

Animals as well as birds are being investigated as virus reservoirs.

"When we sneak up at night on dozing horses to capture mosquitoes, the flashlights frighten the animals, and they kick good and hard," Dr. Reeves said.

"Farmers watching the proceedings must get some good laughs.



HEATHER WILLIAMS, child victim of encephalitis, has been in the District Hospital at Wentworth, N.S.W., for a year. Until October last she could not move and was in a coma. Now she can open her eyes, move a little, and swallow.

Scientists at work in Murray Valley



MOSQUITOES hide in rocks near stagnant pools. Here Dr. Reeves (left) and Malcolm Simpson suck some from crevices for despatch to the Walter and Eliza Hall Institute.

"Cows are more placid, but it is not unusual to collect the cow-lick intended for the mosquito."

"We imagine that most of the animals get as big a laugh as the farmers when we are on the job," he said, "especially when a coughing attack follows a good sniff of horse dandruff."

Dr. Anderson, who is Haley Research Fellow in the Department of Experimental Medicine, Melbourne, has made encephalitis his special care during the past year.

He has covered every aspect from a study of patients in laboratory and field work.

When his research pointed to the necessity of studying mosquitoes Dr. Anderson sent an A.O.S. to Dr. M. J. Mackerras, wife of Dr. Ian Mackerras, Director of the Queensland Institute of Medical Research. Dr. Mackerras is a brilliant parasitologist and she spent a month on the Murray helping Dr. Anderson to launch the work of examining birds and their nests for parasites, and collecting and identifying mosquitoes.

Dr. Mackerras is also intensely practical in everyday matters. After a suitable site had been selected for the study of the habits of local mosquitoes at Merbein, she marked the spot by tying empty jam tins on to trees along the way from the road so that she and Nancye Kent wouldn't get "bushed" going out there at night.

The first time encephalitis flared up in Australia was in 1917.

It was then called X disease. The recent outbreak was identified after brilliant laboratory work at the Walter and

Eliza Hall Institute last year by bacteriologist E. L. French.

He was successful in isolating the virus which had caused the epidemic.

The Institute then spread a net throughout Victoria, examining blood samples from people and stock to determine areas of infection.

This resulted in the discovery that only people, stock, and birds in Murray Valley districts were concerned.

The survey showed that in some localities as many as one in four people had been infected, but had been able to resist serious illness.

These people were not regarded as carriers of the disease. Blood tests simply showed that they had suffered infection but had been able to throw it off.

Should an epidemic occur this summer, the director of the Walter and Eliza Hall Institute, Sir MacFarlane Burnet, one of the world's leading authorities on virus diseases, is hopeful that the carrier problem will be solved.

Meanwhile, field workers are crawling round Murray Valley chicken coops, climbing trees, and sitting on the river banks offering themselves as human bait for mosquitoes.

"The ones that get away have their revenge by keeping us awake," Nancye Kent told me.

The discomfort of the job is outweighed by the excitement of the chase for Dr. Reeves.

Almost lovingly rubbing an elbow bumpy with mosquito bites, he explained that scientists were a bunch of people as curious as crime detectives.



DR. S. G. ANDERSON (centre), leader of the scientific party working on the Murray, parasitologist Dr. M. J. Mackerras, and Cliff Woods, boatman. Dr. Mackerras is on the active staff of the Queensland Institute of Medical Research, of which her husband is director.



TO CAPTURE mosquitoes which feed on birds, the Walter and Eliza Hall Institute workers built this platform 40 feet from the ground.



ENTOMOLOGIST Nancye Kent, of Sydney, wading through a stagnant pool collecting mosquito larvae. She took the picture on the left for the Rockefeller Foundation Annual.

VOLUNTARY FIRE BRIGADE SAVES LIVES



CLEANING UP. Back at the station after a fire call, Arthur Waugh (left) and Neil and Rodney Campbell scrub the hoses before drying them and putting them away. Except for an annual £12 from the Blue Mountains Council, the brigade is self-supporting.

• A fine example of voluntary bushfire brigades, which have been the greatest single factor in saving property and lives during this summer of bushfires, is the one set up in the Blue Mountains township of Glenbrook, N.S.W.



BATCH OF CAKES is all in a day's work for Mrs. George Bunyan, wife of the captain of the Glenbrook Voluntary Bushfire Brigade. With other firemen's wives, Mrs. Bunyan cooks for the parties and dances held to raise money to equip and maintain the brigade.



FIRE-FIGHTERS. Back row: Stan Edwards, Neil Campbell, Lea Glossop, George Bunyan, Royal Harris. Front: Arthur Waugh, Alen Linass, Melton Knowles, Lea Harris, Ken Fitzgibbon, Rodney Campbell.

GLENBROOK'S voluntary fire brigade with new brick fire station, which was officially opened last October, is a triumph of local co-operative effort.

The nucleus of a brigade was formed 10 years ago through the efforts of the present captain, Mr. George Bunyan, butcher and former milkman, and Glenbrook carrier Mr. Stan Edwards, who is deputy captain.

Through lack of equipment and interest, the brigade was moribund two years ago when the Glenbrook Progress Association and the brigade met and planned to give it new life.

The first move to raise money was to write to everyone on the Glenbrook electoral roll.

"This meant 1350 letters and £13/15/- postage," Mr. Bunyan said, "but it yielded £200. We even received money from Glenbrook people now living in England."

"A door-to-door canvass brought £150, and the Blue Mountains County Council gave £75 and a block of land on which to build."

Engineer Melton Knowles, who was appointed architect, engineer, carpenter, and clerk of works, designed the 20ft. by 20ft. station.

Local tradesmen did the plastering, bricklaying, plumbing, and

electrical work. Working bees were held each Saturday from 8 a.m. till 5 p.m., with morning and afternoon tea provided by workers' wives.

The fire engine, a three-ton, 1936-model, second-hand truck, cost £200.

The brigade still owes £100 on the truck, but hopes to pay it off in the next 12 months with money raised by parties and fetes.

Mr. Bunyan said that although there are only 20 active fire brigade members, 20 more are semi-active, and many others are on call in an emergency.

"Some travel 41 miles to Sydney each day to their work, and impromptu meetings are often held during the 68-minute journey," he added.

The new brigade had its first real test last month, when all the brigade and many townspeople manned the engine to fight the worst bushfire within the memory of Glenbrook residents.

A blaze which lasted nearly 18 hours burnt down the homes of firemen Ian Campbell and George Waugh, the garage and woodshed of deputy captain Stan Edwards, and a house next to Mr. Knowles' home.

That further damage was averted was due to the determined courage of the volunteer fire-fighters and the foresight and civic spirit of the residents.



BRIGADE IN ACTION. A small grass fire in the district brought the Glenbrook brigade quickly to the scene. The alarm is given by siren at the local garage. The garage proprietor telephones two other homes at strategic points, and fighters assemble at the station. Photographs by staff photographer Bill Howarth.



FIRE CHIEF. Jovial Mr. George Bunyan, captain and co-founder of the Glenbrook Voluntary Bushfire Brigade, is a butcher at Penrith. He is also captain of the Emu Plains cricket team.



LOCAL GIRLS lend a hand in an emergency. Above: Diana Dwyer and Betty Miers fill knapsack pumps for Les Harris and Arthur Waugh to carry into the fire.



FIRE DRILL. First step (left) is to fill the tank from the station hydrant. Alan Lines is at the hydrant, Ken Fitzgibbon at the hose, Neil Campbell at the tank, watched by the captain, George Bunyan.

OLD-TIMERS. At right: Mr. Fred Cole, 78 (left), and Mr. Ted Morris, 72, Glenbrook's bricklayers for 20 years, show the fire station fence they built in their spare time.



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ANNABELLE



"I remain your obedient servant—oh yeah!"

BUTCH



"I feel kinda mean about this. Poor ol' McHugh! He couldn't wait off duty at twelve o'clock."

It seems to me

PROGRESS! It's a wonder human beings have the effrontery to use the word seriously in relation to any of their activities.

This thought is prompted by a happening that's by no means new—dumping of quantities of vegetables in Sydney because of a glut.

It's no use explaining the reason for dumping—impossibility of controlling seasons, the expenses of handling. These excuses have been put forward far too long and they don't impress anybody.

So it would be hard to arrange the distribution of free vegetables to organisations and persons in need? It might be hard, but it oughtn't to be impossible, not in the middle of the twentieth century.

Retail prices, after a reluctant beginning, dropped during the recent glut. Often they don't drop as far as they should. Housewives have a remedy they should use when that happens—a buyers' strike.

NEWS that stovepipe pants were coming back created a mild stir even among those men who, when in need of a new suit, have to be dragged protesting to the ready-to-wear departments.

One man, noted for his smart dressing, was asked by a newspaper to comment. "I think stovepipe pants would look rather ludicrous," he said loftily.

This aroused a kind smile from the feminine sidelines, because the girls think men's clothes tend to be just a wee bit ludicrous at any time. What is funnier than a collar and tie? Unless it is braces, which look rather sad.

And it's no use men making acid comments about the humor of women's clothes, because women have a different attitude to dress.

It is less solemn and more realistic. A woman doesn't bother to call a new fashion "ludicrous." She knows that by the time she is actually wearing it, it will, for reasons connected with mass psychology, have ceased to be funny at all.

PROFESSOR of Astronomy at the University of Minnesota has announced the discovery of the smallest known star. He said the star was one of a group known as "white dwarfs."

The mamma star to the baby star
Called across time and space,
"Don't get too forward or go too far,
But preserve a modest face."

"I said last century not to mope
And experience proves me wise
Since a talent scout with a telescope
Has discovered you in the skies."

"You're only six million years of age
And, though you've made your debut,
There are older and brighter stars on the stage.
Whereas you are practically new."

"For little stars twinkle and big stars blaze;
Be patient, and wait for fame;
In time as you glow, if you watch your ways,
They'll give you a fancier name."



Dorothy Drain

THE manager of New York's Hotel Edison recently installed "talking chairs" in rooms, but the scheme was a failure.

The chairs were rigged so that when guests sat down recordings played, saying things like, "Why not breakfast in the coffee lounge?"

Several guests were so terrified that the recordings were removed.

The manager, explaining the experiment, said: "Usually the guest is left cold after the bellhop carries up his luggage."

How true. There are few moments lonelier than those when you stand in a hotel room, alone with your luggage.

If there is a telephone you are slightly reassured. A telephone carries some promise of communication with the world.

Sometimes there is no telephone, only a card behind the door which states the meal hours, adding a request to be on time, and several bleak rules.

So perverse is human nature that in Eastern hotels, far from home, I have sometimes wished to see one of those little cards. At least they assure you that you are in your own country.

Anyhow, at home or abroad, you struggle with the suitcase keys, sniff suspiciously at the wardrobe, peer out the window at the blank wall opposite, and stifle an impulse to take screaming hysterics.

One can see where the talking chairs went wrong. They pushed the guests right over the edge into hysterics.

Perhaps there is no solution but the usual one of time—when, after three days, having memorised the room number and the right and left turns to reach it, you face the wrench of leaving familiar surroundings and lighting out once more for strange places.

TALKING of hotels, I came across a recently published book with the rather quaint title "Venturing to Australia," by an Englishwoman, Ray Gorien.

The "venturing" part of the title may well have arisen from her experience in hotels, from which, for the most part, she seems to have departed with the impression that tourists were not really welcomed in this country.

It's a charge that is made so often that it lacks novelty. Unfortunately, on the whole it's true.

Ray Gorien's book is not in the same class as Thomas Wood's "Cobbers," but it has the interest of any book about Australia—that of seeing what others think of us.

One small sidelight on Australian dressing: She writes, "Back to Melbourne, where the hats were gayer than ever. I heard of one new settler who was mystified by the sudden eruption of white hats and veils. 'Where can all the weddings be?' she asked."

"And an Englishman lamented that he did not like to wear his old tweed coat in the mornings. 'Thought all the women must be on their way to a garden party,' he explained."

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"Vivid Red" Lipstick

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Matching Rouge

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It's "Stayput Week" in Woodbridge, N.J.



CAPTAIN CARLSEN (left), whose 35,000 fellow townsmen are waiting to welcome him home to Woodbridge, New Jersey, U.S.A., after his heroic effort to save his ship, Flying Enterprise. Above: Mrs. Carlsen and their daughters Sonia, 11, and Karen, 9.

Town plans biggest celebration ever for sea hero and his wife

Woodbridge, New Jersey, U.S.A., is planning the biggest welcome in the town's history for its hero, Captain Henrik Kurt Carlsen, whose wife and family live there.

Carlsen thrilled the world with his refusal to leave his crippled ship, Flying Enterprise, until it was sinking after a 13-day battle with the sea.

ONE day will not suffice to say and do all Woodbridge wants to say and do in honor of the Carlsons. A celebration week is planned in which Mrs. Carlsen will take equal part with her famous husband.

Said Mayor Hugh Quigley: "This town's 35,000 residents want to honor Mrs. Carlsen with her husband. She endured her part of the ordeal as heroically as he went through his."

"Woodbridge citizens will show him that his fellow townsmen think his failure to complete his amazing voyage was no less glorious than success."

"Carlsen Week will be more spectacular than anything the town has seen in its 283 years of history."

"There'll be bands, flags, parties, dinners, and dances," the Mayor said. "We expect he will arrive on January 19 after his civic welcome in New York on January 16."

The Carlsons' two little daughters, Sonia and Karen, will share the limelight with their parents.

Once the good news that her husband was safe was broken to Mrs. Carlsen she was able to relax the vigil she had kept for 13 days and nights while her husband and young Kenneth Dancy, mate of the tug, Turmoil, waged their

battle with the sea, alone on the listing freighter.

Mrs. Carlsen never lost faith in her husband, and through the long hours sustained herself with intense prayer.

Flying Enterprise became uncontrollable when it cracked across the deckhouse during an Atlantic hurricane on Boxing Day.

As world interest mounted, the peace of the Carlsons' home was shattered. The telephone never seemed to cease ringing. Every mail brought scores of letters and telegrams.

Requests for interviews, pictures, newsreel shots added to the tension.

But through all this unaccustomed bustle Mrs. "Stayput" remained outwardly calm.

At what cost was shown when, after her husband's rescue, Agnes Carlsen succumbed to complete exhaustion.

Friends took her to a hide-away under a doctor's care, and only the most meagre details of the last hours of the Flying Enterprise saga were relayed to her.

"When my husband is away I always pray that God will take care of him, and I knew He would not fail me this time," Mrs. Carlsen told me.

From the moment the first word came that her husband had decided to stay aboard the crippled ship, Mrs. Carlsen, as a sailor's wife, accepted his decision as the "natural thing" for him to do.

By LLOYD CLARKE, of our New York staff

"He was born to the sea and its traditions," she said.

"When he said he would either bring the ship into port or see it down, it was exactly what I had expected him to say and to do," she said proudly.

Mrs. Carlsen was born in a tiny Danish fishing village, and in her childhood saw women waiting bravely but vainly for their men to return.

"Henrik went to sea in a

Danish sailing ship as a boy of 14," she said.

"When he visited our village with his tales of adventure in faraway places he was a hero to me even then."

The young seaman studied hard and in 1937 became a junior officer with an American company.

A year later he brought his young sweetheart from the Danish fishing village to the United States and married her.

Mrs. Carlsen spent her honeymoon on a Danish freighter of which Henrik was second mate. Off Panama a cyclone hit the ship, and Mrs. Carlsen told reporters when she recalled the incident: "I thought it was my last minute. Henrik was at the wheel all night, but he showed no fear at all."

During World War II Carlsen served with the Merchant

Marine and became a convoy captain.

"I don't think I was as worried then as I was this time," Mrs. Carlsen said, "but in my heart I really felt that everything would be all right."

When Carlsen and his battered ship were half-way to port he was cheered by a message from his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Martin Carlsen, transmitted to him by the American destroyer Willard Keith, which had been standing by. He heard them say, by radio-telephone:

"We are proud of you, Kurt."

Pastor of the Carlsons' little Danish Lutheran Church, Rev. Kirkegaard Jensen, was Mrs. Carlsen's closest friend throughout the crisis.

"Agnes Carlsen has fought very bravely," he said when the ordeal was over.

In the seclusion of a friend's home Mrs. Carlsen rested under her doctor's care, but freedom from the haunting dread of the past fortnight was the best tonic of all.

In the last few days before the ship sank Rev. Jensen was that only bare details reached Mrs. Carlsen.

He made up his mind that she would hear only very good news or very bad news.

"Everyone was so kind," she said when it was all over, "but it was just a little frightening for us, too."

"You see, nothing like that had ever happened in our house before."

I could understand that a I looked round her dignified living-room with the tall pine pictures of "the Skipper's ships," and photos of Henrik and the children.

Biologist says he has secret of long life

By SHEILA PATRICK, staff reporter

"The secret of living a long time is to keep working," says visiting English biologist and longevity specialist Mr. A. Menzies Sharpe.

Mr. Sharpe, a jolly man of 70, told me that mental and physical stagnation is what kills many people.

HE is on the scientific staff of a British laboratory specialising in the study of hormones and vitamins. He hopes still to be taking an active interest in his job in 20 years' time.

"During my research, I studied the death notices in London papers," he said. "An amazing number of men died at 62 or 67—just two years after the regulation retiring ages of 60 or 65."

"I recently insured myself for £10,000 to live to 100," he said, "and, by jove, I feel as if I'll make the century all right."

Stubbing a cigarette, he said he was working now just as hard as he ever worked, and

was making a world tour visiting scientists in Canada, Australia, and later Italy, exchanging notes on the new uses of Vitamin E.

He believes that so many people over 60 will be alive and sprightly in the United Kingdom in ten years' time that one in four of the population could qualify for the age pension.

Mr. Sharpe said the only way to enjoy old age was to be fit and well mentally and physically.

"The use of Vitamin E in conjunction with glandular injections has done wonders for many old people," he claimed.

"An Australian politician has been having this treatment for years, and is as active

mentally to-day as he was 8 years ago."

Mr. Sharpe showed me some yellow pills.

"These are Vitamin E capsules. Try one. People suffering from some heart condition can maintain perfect health on a dose of four of these a day."

I took a pill.

"Munch it up, it won't hurt you," he urged.

Mr. Sharpe said that many of the world's leading figures, all over 60, who were able to keep going as heads of Governments and in responsible jobs followed the treatment.

Vitamin E is made from the oil extracted from wheat germ or soya beans.

Mr. Sharpe is an Australian. He comes from Adelaide.

For many years he was a mining engineer, and took up biology and the study of longevity as a hobby.

"My hobby took such a hold on me, I gave up my consulting practice in England and Paris, and took to this absorbing subject full-time," he said.



BIOLOGIST Mr. A. Menzies Sharpe, now in Australia, is at 70 an excellent advertisement for his own theories on longevity. He hopes still to be working in another 20 years.

New London fashions

Advance styles for the Royal tour

Elegance and distinction are the characteristics of the four London star mannequins who have come to Australia for the British Vogue Export Book Fashion Parades.

They are Jean Dawnay, Laura Parnell, Catherine Boyle, and Della Oake.

MISS ROSEMARY COOPER, editor of the British Vogue Export Book, who flew with the girls by Qantas to Australia, said that she has selected them each for looks, flair for showing clothes, and diplomatic ability.

These are no beautiful-but-dumb mannequins. Five minutes' conversation with any of them cannot fail to impress you with their perfect poise, charm, and social adroitness.

Although they all have this unmistakable quality of (call it what you will) Mayfair, the Ritz, or Bond Street, there is none of the supposed English coldness and aloofness about the four Vogue mannequins.

All have in common an extreme naturalness of manner, mental alertness, and quick laughter.

They are the most beautiful and glamorous ambassadors Britain could have sent, a perfect vanguard of fashion and elegance for the Royal tour.

The girls declared that in Australia—land of the Ashes and the Davis Cup—none dared call herself an outdoor type. "Just put us down as Vogue models," they said.

But directly they had had breakfast on the morning of their arrival they went out and bought satin strapless bathing suits. By 2 p.m. they were lying on Bondi Beach getting their first layer of Australian suntan.

Laura Parnell was the only one who brought a swimsuit. "It is two-piece and slightly Bikini," she said. "Not too Bikini, but when I was told of your beach inspectors' views, I decided to play safe and get a second one."

Della Oake, youngest and tallest of the quartet, broke into modelling at the top, her first published photograph appearing in Vogue, the goal of every fashion model in the British Isles.

"I knew so little about

modelling at the time," Della said, "that I went to see them without even having a photograph to show."

Della has the rare ability of being able to appear haughty and about to laugh at the same time. Her face is not classically beautiful, but is intelligent and interesting.

Her hands, very long, very slender, would be a sculptor's delight.

Strangely enough, the most typical English beauty of them all, Catherine Boyle, has Italian blood. This warms and changes what would otherwise be a true English-rose style of beauty into a lively and vivacious, blushing peony type.

Hers is the sort of soft, blooming beauty that is done less than justice by the camera.

Married to Captain Viscount Boyle, heir to the Earl of Shannon, Catherine Boyle has been a model for only 18 months. "Before that," she told me, "I had a try at films."

She likes best romantic, filmy evening gowns, the sort that London photographer Cecil Beaton has made famous in his portraits.

There is a smallness of bone and neatness about Jean Dawnay that make her an ideal fashion model. Dior thought this when he selected her to be his first English model.

She wears her hair shorter than any of the other girls, in a style very groomed, smart, and sophisticated, to match her wit.

Jean might have been born to wear magnificently tailored English suits, shoes, and gloves made by the country's best craftsmen.

Italian-born Laura Parnell, with dark brown hair, greenish eyes, and an ivory-olive skin, is a type of beauty new to Australia.

A lively intelligence glints from her sparkling eyes. Her face, an Elsa Lanchester face over which a good fairy has passed a beautifying wand, is mobile, mischievous, full of humor.

THE British Vogue Export Book Fashion Parades will have their gala opening at David Jones on January 19. Twice-daily parades will be held from January 21 to January 25.

Afternoon-tea parades, at which the spectators will be seated at tables, will be held daily at 3.15 p.m. Evening parades, at which spectators will be seated auditorium style, will be held nightly at 8.

Parades will also be held at Myers in Melbourne and Adelaide.

In each city the Gala Parade will be compered by Miss Rosemary Cooper, editor of the British Vogue Export Book. Miss Cooper selected the clothes that will be shown in the parades.



VISCOUNTESS BOYLE, London model in Australia for the British Vogue Export Book parades, wears a Mary Black draped white evening gown styled in the Grecian manner.



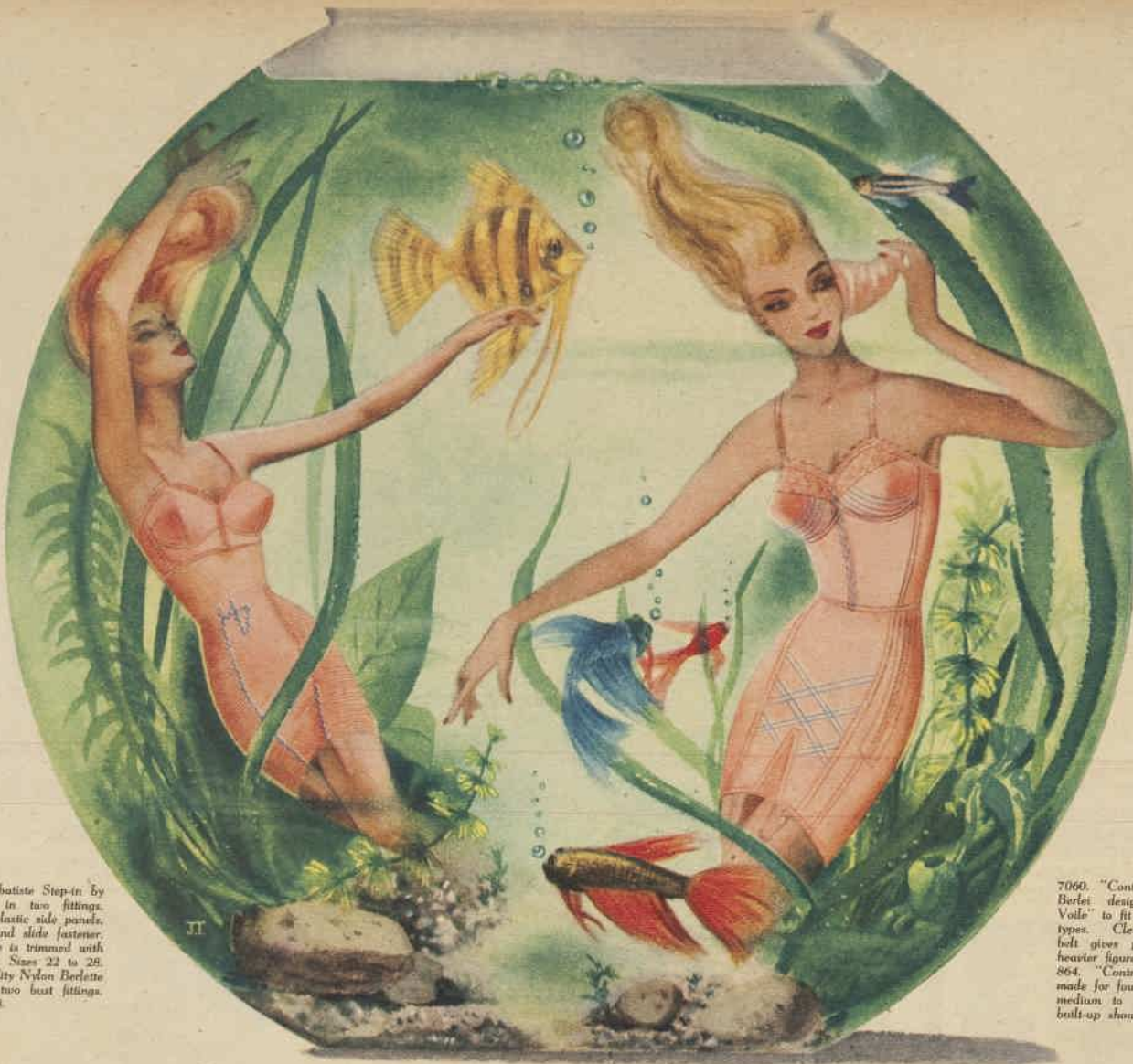
COCKTAIL FROCK by Frederick Starke worn by Laura Parnell. It is made of very fine black gauze over lilac-pink taffeta. Pink velvet hat is by Otto Lucas.



BALL GOWN of snuff-colored Nottingham needlerun lace modelled by Della Oake. The two-tiered skirt has underskirts of matching net. A Frederick Starke model.



DRESS AND CAPE of Linton tweed worn by Jean Dawnay. The cape is given a coat-like appearance by being pinched together under the arms. By Dorville. Otto Lucas hat.



6030. Nylon batiste Step-in by Berlei made in two fittings. Features not elastic side panels, smooth back and slide fastener. Boneless girle is trimmed with blue stitching. Sizes 22 to 28, 856. Fine quality Nylon Berlette by Berlei in two bust fittings. Sizes 30 to 38.

7060. "Control-lift" Step-in by Berlei designed in "Vanity Voile" to fit four mature figure types. Cleverly placed inner belt gives perfect support to heavier figures. Sizes 28 to 36, 864. "Control-Bra" by Berlei made for four bust fittings from medium to deep. Some has built-up shoulders. Sizes 32 to 38.

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England's loveliest mannequins make Berlei their Foundation of Beauty.



TWIN WEDS. David Buckland and his bride, formerly Margaret Watt, twin daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Watt, of Double Bay, with their attendants (from left): Bill Durham, Patricia Watt, John Roberts, Audrey Watt, Mr. and Mrs. Bob Buckland, Jacques Pellier, and Mrs. Nicholas Job, outside St. Mark's, Darling Point. David is the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Buckland, of Bellevue Hill.



DR. RAYMOND PEARCE and his bride, formerly June Bennett, daughter of the Norman Bennetts, of Darling Point, leave St. Canice's, Elizabeth Bay.

Getting Married

THE bright days of high summer have been chosen by so many brides for their weddings that the social spotlight has turned from country and seaside holidays to town, where "getting married" is the general theme.

One of the prettiest weddings in the near future will be Averil McLeod's, when she marries Dr. John Trencerry at Shore Chapel on February 2.

Her lovely wedding gown is a copy of a Paris model, and the material for it—52 yards of pearly silk marquisette appliqued with guipure lace—also came from Paris. With it she will wear a tulle veil held in place by a little cap entirely composed of orange blossom.

The ballerina-length gowns of pastel-shaded silk organza worn by her attendants will also feature a French fashion highlight—a huge bow

fastened to the back of the bodice which can be converted into a stole. Matron of honor, Mrs. Alan Williams, will wear pink, Margot Milnes, green, and Diana Andrews, mauve.

WHEN Pat Redix, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Redix, of Northbridge, married Dr. John Skalla at Scots' Kirk, Mosman, she carried on a tradition in her mother's family by wearing a diamond tiara which has been worn by each eldest daughter since her great-grandmother's day. Pat also carried a Brussels lace handkerchief which originally belonged to John's great-grandmother.

A LOVELY old-world home in Wallingford, Berkshire, is waiting for Nea Gibson, who will marry Englishman Tim Wilder at Scots' Kirk, Mosman, on January 30. The house is a wedding gift from Tim's father, and Nea was able to see her future home when she visited Wallingford before she left England for home several months ago. Nea, who is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Gibson, of Cremorne, has planned an all-white wedding. Her attendants will be Judy Gainford and Mrs. Keith Taubman. Tim, who is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. John H. Wilder, of Wallingford, has been in Sydney since Christmas. The couple will make their way to England by air, via New Zealand, Honolulu, and the United States.



HAPPY COUPLE. New Zealander David Crozier and his bride, formerly Valia Ramaciotti, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Ramaciotti, of Vaucluse, at their wedding reception at the Pickwick Club. The couple will make their home in Auckland.



AT RECEPTION. Frederick Wiltshire and his bride, formerly Margaret Stubbs, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Stubbs, of Bellevue Hill, with the bride's sister Beryl (left) at the Pickwick Club after their wedding. They will live in Lae, New Guinea.

A TRIP to Wagga to say good-bye to friends who were not able to come to Sydney for their wedding is being included in George and Ella Gissing's honeymoon tour. The couple, who were married at St. David's, Lindfield, will leave for an indefinite stay in England in the Otranto in February. Ella is the younger daughter of the F. G. Paynes, of Roseville, and George is the second son of Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Gissing, of Wagga.

BY flying here from New Zealand, Mrs. H. M. Besley was able to be among guests at the wedding of her son, Tim, to Nan Cave, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Cave, of Neutral Bay, at St. Augustine's, Neutral Bay.



CAPTAIN Laurie Illingworth and his bride, formerly Ann Cornwell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Cornwell, of Pymble, leave St. Stephen's, Macquarie Street.



CHARMING BRIDE. Mrs. Rex Gray, formerly June Laurie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Laurie, of Stobo, Rawdon Vale, with her flower-girls, Beverley Garner and Anne Bignall, at her wedding reception. June and her husband, Dr. Rex Gray, will live in Newcastle.



COUNTRY INTEREST. Walter Menkes and his bride, formerly Dorne Meppem, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Meppem, of Merrilong, Bellata, leaving St. Canice's, Elizabeth Bay. They will live at Moree.



HOME IN TANGANYIKA for Cornelius van Vlijmen and his bride, formerly Valerie Firman, daughter of the A. L. Firmans, of North Bondi, who married at St. Stephen's.

Billowing skirts for

● Plaid cotton suit, right, could also be made in wool. It has a short belted long-sleeved jacket and skirt that's a circle of stitched pleats.

★ Into 1952 swings a new skirtline, a skirt with extravagant dimensions often fanned out with a stiffened petticoat. It's a feminine silhouette designed to make the waistline look smaller and the hipline more curved. Here are six interpretations of the theme, for night and day.



● Electric-blue coat frock, above left, is designed for the cocktail hour. The dress has the very new fashion of balloon sleeves and oval neckline.



● Candy-striped short-cut jacket, above, has lantern sleeves. It is bound in black to match bare-top one-piece dress which has an 18-gore skirt.

Dorothea Johnston

or day and night

● Fine black lace veils yellow satin for the one-piece, below left. The satin is repeated in a large bow and soft drape on the strapless bodice top.



● White lace dance dress, above, has a street-length skirt. The stiffened foundation, made in white taffeta, is finished with wide scarlet velvet bands.



● Deep rose-pink silk taffeta one-piece, above right, is designed with a low-cut neckline finished with a self bow. The skirt has 12 yards of material.



Try this Recipe with Wine Vinegar

BETROOT MOULD
Two dessertspoons gelatine, 2 average-sized beetroots, 1 small cup SEPPELTS WINE VINEGAR, pepper and salt. Cook beets till tender, line basin with lettuce, cut beetroot in small slices and fill centre, dissolve the gelatine in the hot water, add vinegar, salt, pepper, and sugar; allow to cool a little, then pour over beetroot and let set.



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Worth Reporting

CURRENT food fads such as blackstrap molasses, yogurt, and brewer's yeast are at best a waste of money, and at worst an actual menace to life, United States Government food officials have warned.

In a forthright article in the American "Woman's Home Companion" magazine, these officials attack the "small army of food faddists abroad in the land peddling nutritional nostrums."

The wares of the most publicised health food pedlar, Gaylord Hauser, are held up to scientific scrutiny and found to be almost entirely lacking in nutritive value and downright harmful in many respects.

In his book "Look Younger, Live Longer," Hauser claims that daily use of his five "wonder foods," blackstrap molasses, yogurt, wheat germ, brewer's yeast, and powdered skim milk, "can add five youthful years to your life."

Actually, answer nutrition experts, daily use of these so-called foods at the expense of proper foods may take years off your life.

Food experts regard blackstrap—the dark, thick syrupy dregs which remain as the end product of sugar refining—as virtually unfit for human consumption.

The Ministry of Food in England does not list it as a foodstuff and allots it only to manufacturers of cattle feed and similar consumers.

To sum up, the U.S. Food and Drug Administration declares that the five so-called wonder foods would contribute nothing to the well-being of an individual who consumes a normal diet of milk, fruit, vegetables, meat, cereals, and other common foods.

Pillboxes and gold lace

GOLD lace which will be worn by Service chiefs and diplomats at receptions for Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh during their Australian tour is being made in London.

Principal maker is Mr. H. W. Searle, who has made gold lace and gold braid for more than 50 years. He learnt the trade from his father.

When Mr. Searle, sen., took his son as an apprentice, the firm also made colored pill-box hats for the Army.

Gold lace is not the only thing this firm is sending to Australia. Already their seamstresses have nearly completed a set of military colors for presentation to the Royal Military College at Canberra.

It's all done with shadows

AUSTRALIA will see shadow puppetry for the first time early this year when, at the instigation of Joan and Betty Raynor, of the Australian Children's Theatre, the British Council will send out the Hogarth Puppets from England.

The company will be in Australia for four months from April and will start their tour at the Comedy Theatre, Melbourne.

The puppets will "act" in Oscar Wilde's "The Happy Prince," the ballet designed by famous European shadow designer Lotte Reiniger. It has 22 changes of scenery, worked on three screens.

The show is conducted by Jan Bussell, whose family come from Western Australia. She is the author of three books on puppetry.

Joan and Betty Raynor recently returned to Melbourne from a 27,000-mile trip through Victoria and N.S.W. with their caravan theatre.

It was their fifth Australian tour, and for the first time the Education Departments of the States visited allowed school-children to attend the sisters' performances in school hours. Altogether 200,000 children went to the caravan theatre.

Almost off the record

WE know a girl whose life has been frustrated by continually hearing the A.B.C. play a recording of a magnificent choral work sung in Spanish. Every time she heard it she missed hearing the announcer give its name.

Irritated beyond endurance the other morning after missing the title once again, she rang the A.B.C. for information. A man in the record department told her that the number was "Dance of the Lovers," sung by the choir of the Apollo Theatre, Madrid.

"But don't ask me where to buy it," he said bitterly. "We have more requests for that record than any other I can think of. Unfortunately, the A.B.C.'s Melbourne studio has the only disc in Australia."

"We are told that it is not possible to obtain another anywhere. We made inquiries in Spain, but apparently the master disc was lost in a bombardment during the Spanish Civil War, and the choir has never re-recorded it."

Although giving impromptu recitals over the telephone is not part of the A.B.C.'s general service to the public, the record expert hummed a passage of "Dance of the Lovers," and with some pleasure our friend joined in.

There's a small hotel . . .

LEN WEBBER, 40-year-old ex-Navy man, of Epping, Sydney, runs a hotel where the guests drink only water, but whistle and sing from daylight till dusk. What is more, many of them return year after year.

This establishment, which the proprietor thinks is the only one of its kind in Australia and most probably in the world, is known as Webber's Hotel for Birds.

Bird guests can settle down there to a carefree two or three weeks with good companionship, favorite titbits, and plenty of mineral salts assured, while their owners go off on holiday.

"Many of our guests establish lasting friendships," Mr. Webber said.

The birds may remain in their own cages or they may be set free in the hotel's modern aviaries, thus having a holiday themselves.

Most bird guests are collected by hotel transport. Owners, according to Mr. Webber, are usually too shy to carry bird-cages.

Parrots, which in the bird world are strong individualists, usually take longest to settle down in their new surroundings, Mr. Webber added.

He has found that the most popular parrot name is Popeye, closely followed by Pinkie. Most lovebirds have feminine names, irrespective of sex.

Birds requiring the most elaborate menus are nectar-feeding parrots, such as the scaly-breasted or rainbow lorikeet. These are served a mixture of wholemeal biscuits, honey, and milk.

A past president of the N.S.W. Finch Club and member of the Avicultural Societies of London and Sydney, Mr. Webber is at present working on genetic research on the Northern Territory golden finch.

He has 150 of the finches and is attempting to establish new head colors and other mutations.

NO sooner had the West Indies cricket team won the exciting Third Test match than they were singing a haunting calypso song in praise of their heroes Valentine and Ramadhin.

It would have been a pretty gesture if Australians had honored the Davis Cup victors in this way. But have you ever tried to get anything to rhyme with McGregor?

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

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FIRST OF EVERY MONTH

GLAMOR STARS IN DANCING MOOD

★ Caught up in the current whirl of dancing movies, Elizabeth Taylor and Virginia Mayo get a chance to measure the musical beat of forthcoming shows. Elizabeth appears as a small-town ballerina, and Virginia has Broadway at her feet.



VIRGINIA MAYO (above) goes to Broadway as sweetheart of Jimmie Cagney in "Fine and Dandy" (Warners). Although she has recently spent less time in dance costume, in the past Virginia had ample opportunity to show her versatility as a dancer, first as a Goldwyn Girl and later with Danny Kaye and other entertainment stars.

ELIZABETH TAYLOR (right) gets a chance to show her talent as a dancer as well as look beautiful in Metro's romantic comedy "Love Is Better Than Ever." In the story she is a dancing-school mistress who keeps co-star Larry Parks on his toes through amusing events. Liz is happy with her new comedy and the chance to be different.



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Talking of Films

By M. J. McMAHON

★★★ Here Comes the Groom

PARAMOUNT'S "Here Comes the Groom" brings Bing Crosby back in a high-spirited farce which crackles with smart dialogue, wacky situations, and two or three catchy tunes.

In it Crosby plays the role of a Boston newspaperman in his customary candid, easy-going style.

If the picture leaves you feeling that it has been salted with proven box-office touches, it is a small point.

The story shows ungallant suitor Peter Garvey (Bing Crosby) flying home to long-suffering fiancée Emmadel Jones (Jane Wyman) after spending three years on European assignments.

The unpredictable newsman brings with him two orphaned French children, and the knowledge that he can keep them in the United States for only five days unless he marries within that time.

Understandably burned up by Peter's off-hand behaviour, in the same week Emmadel becomes engaged to marry her

OUR FILM GRADINGS

- ★★★ Excellent
- ★★ Above average
- ★ Average
- No stars—below average or not yet reviewed.

real estate tycoon boss, who is also likeable and handsome.

Peter has to display considerable private enterprise to get Emmadel back, especially as the opposition is that smooth worker Franchot Tone.

I am not at all sure that Emmadel does the right thing in handing Tone over to his statuesque cousin Alexis Smith for the sake of true love, but there are still those two youngsters to consider and the film must end somewhere.

Among secondary characters who share a field day are James Barton, who does a nice piece as Emmadel's whisky-drinking Irish father; Robert Keith, and Connie Gilchrist.

Guest stars Dorothy Lamour, Cass Daley, Louis Armstrong, and little Italian singer Anna Maria Alberghetti in a tearful interlude round out the cast.

In Sydney—Prince Edward.

CITY FILM GUIDE

CAPITOL.—"Cattle Drive," Western romance starring Joel McCrea, Dean Stockwell. (Not yet reviewed.) Plus "Illegal Entry."

CENTURY.—★★ "David and Bathsheba," biblical drama in technicolor starring Gregory Peck, Susan Hayward. Plus featurettes.

CIVIC.—"The Adventures of Captain Fabian," period adventure set in New Orleans starring Errol Flynn, Micheline Prelle. (Not yet reviewed.) Plus "Grand Canyon."

EMBASSY.—★★ "The Dancing Years," English musical set in Vienna starring Dennis Price, Gisele Preville. Plus featurettes.

ESQUIRE.—★ "Take Care of My Little Girl," story of American college life starring Jeanne Crain, Jean Peters. Plus "Double Confession."

LIBERTY.—★★★ "Show Boat," musical extravaganza in technicolor starring Kathryn Grayson, Ava Gardner, Howard Keel. Plus featurettes.

LYCEUM.—★ "Double Crossbones," technicolor period comedy starring Donald O'Connor, Helena Carter. Plus "Abbott and Costello Meet the Invisible Man."

LYRIC.—"Sinbad the Sailor," adventure starring Maureen O'Hara, Douglas Fairbanks, jun. Re-release. Plus "Tarzan Triumphs."

MAYFAIR.—"His Kind of Woman," romantic melodrama starring Robert Mitchum, Jane Russell, Vincent Price. (Not yet reviewed.) Plus featurettes.

PARK.—★ "Rawhide," dramatic Western starring Tyrone Power, Susan Hayward. Plus "Roadblock."

PLAZA.—★★ "Alice in Wonderland," Disney all-cartoon adventure. Plus "The Flying Saucer (evening sessions), featurettes (day sessions).

PRINCE EDWARD.—★★★ "Here Comes the Groom," light romantic comedy starring Bing Crosby, Jane Wyman, Franchot Tone. (See review this page.) Plus featurettes.

REGENT.—"The Daughter of Rosie O'Grady," technicolor musical starring June Haver, Gordon McCrae, James Barton. (Not yet reviewed.) Plus featurettes.

SAVOY.—★★★ "Fantasia," Walt Disney musical fantasy in technicolor.

ST. JAMES.—"The People Against O'Hara," American court drama starring Spencer Tracy, John Hodiak, Diana Lynn. (Not yet reviewed.) Plus "Home Town Story," starring Jeffrey Lynn.

STATE.—★ "Lorna Doone," technicolor version of period English novel starring Richard Greene, Barbara Hale, Ron Randell. Plus "Chain of Circumstance."

VARIETY.—"Unwanted Women," Continental drama with English sub-titles starring Simone Simon, Valentina Cortese, Francis Rosay. (Not yet reviewed.) Plus "Over the Moon," starring Rex Harrison, Merle Oberon.

VICTORY.—★ "The Prince Who Was a Thief," technicolor Eastern adventure starring Tony Curtis, Piper Laurie. Plus "The Raging Tide," sea drama starring Stephen McNally, Shelley Winters.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — JANUARY 23, 1952



1 TRAVELLING home after several years as medical director at Panama, Dr. Robert Gray (John Lund) and pretty wife, Alice (Joan Fontaine), anticipate reunion with their children.



2 EAGER to regain her family's affection, Alice is a disappointment to 15-year-old Amy (Mona Freeman) because she has not developed into the sweet old lady that she imagined. Nine-year-old Cosmo (David Stollery) is less difficult.



3 PLEASED that many other men admire his charming wife, Robert is not disturbed when young Dr. Steve Clark (Peter Hanson), left, renews acquaintance and is clearly smitten with Alice.



4 EMOTIONAL Amy, who is too immature to understand her mother's subtle control of the situation, imagines that an affair is developing. She misinterprets plans for Alice and Robert to visit Steve, and thinks Alice is going alone.

LIGHT PERIOD COMEDY

PARAMOUNT'S "Rendezvous" is the amusing story of how a romantic teenager's persistent search for melodrama in everyday life leads to unexpected situations.

Mona Freeman, who plays the troublesome adolescent, is a married woman and a mother in private life, but her appearance fits her for this type of role, and she has had long experience in it.

Neither of her co-stars, Joan Fontaine and John Lund, is on such familiar ground. Both are experienced hands at comedy, but they have never before filled "parent" roles. The screenplay is based on the play "Alice-Sit-By-The-Fire," by James M. Barrie.



6 EMBARRASSED when Robert and Alice arrive at his rooms, Steve hurriedly hides Amy in a closet. But Alice finds a dropped glove and teasingly insists that he bring out his lady friend.



5 INTENT on saving her mother, Amy dresses in a mature gown and calls on Steve to demand that he leave town.



7 AMAZED to find that it is Amy in the closet, Robert demands an explanation. Afraid that her parents' marriage will be ruined if she tells the real reason for her visit, Amy announces that she and Steve are engaged.



8 REALISING Amy's true motive, Alice and Robert decide not to spoil her imagined melodrama. They stage a scene where Alice "confesses" to the flirtation and Robert acts the forgiving husband. Amy is content.

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Love In Flight

Continued from page 11

SUE went back to her cabin. She phoned Jerry and told him. Donna wasn't in the cabin and Sue hoped she wasn't with Jerry. "Jerry darling," she said almost tearfully, "there's so much I want to say to you. Is anyone listening?"

"Yes," he said curtly. "I want to have a good talk to you in London, Sue." His voice was low, but not abrupt. Sue put down the receiver, feeling better. She couldn't wait for the flight to finish, for the moment when she would say good-bye to the passengers at Croydon Airport.

They were over the Channel when it happened. Sue was in the cabin when there was a vocal blast in the ship so loud that momentarily it drowned the engines.

Sue put her head out the door and pulled back quickly. Jerry and Halliday were having a stand-up row.

"I can't see your objection," Halliday was saying. "I am telling you about it only as a courtesy. And I do think it's unseemly for us to be arguing in front of the passengers."

"Confound the passengers!" Jerry shouted. "I won't have Sue—Miss Bartlett guiding you round London. You're big enough to get yourself round! You've got no authority to disrupt my crew and—"

"Captain Denison," Halliday exclaimed, "I happen to be the line secretary. Authority? I—"

"You leave Sue alone!" Jerry bellowed. Halliday waved his hands irritably. "You have no proprietary claim on Miss Bartlett," he said. "And I assure you she will be quite safe with me."

Jerry shook a big fist under Halliday's nose. What he might have said was interrupted by Sue as she flew up the ship and put herself between them.

"It beats me!" Jerry said to Sue. "Do you want to go with him?"

She stared from one to the other. "Oh, you both make me sick!" she exclaimed, and ran back to the cabin. Donna came in soon and patted Sue on the shoulder. "Don't let him worry you," she said. "He's just about to blow up with a nervous breakdown, that's all." She said it with obvious satisfaction. "You'd be better off on another ship. But I can't make it out when he's not in love with you."

Perhaps that's true, Sue thought dully. She felt deflated. A few days ago she was very happy and now her marriage seemed broken. Perhaps being so deliberately distant so often had done it.

She was in no mood to appreciate the beauty of early morning over the Channel, and she had to force herself to go out into the plane and get the passengers ready for landing. Somehow she evaded Halli-

day, and she didn't speak to Jerry again before she and Donna caught a cab to the hostess' quarters.

If Jerry wanted to apologise to her he knew where to find her. Donna's voice broke into her thoughts. "Well," she said triumphantly, "I did it."

"Did what?" Sue said dispiritedly.

"Jerry's taking me to dinner at Mason's to-night."

Sue closed her eyes tight. "Did you ask him—or did he ask you?"

"Well, I had to work on him—but it was easier than I expected."

So those were his tactics, Sue thought bitterly.

George Halliday called at eight, complete with a company car. From her window she saw him pull up, get out, and come into the flats.

"I won't answer the bell," she told herself. She had been sitting despondently by herself for hours, ever since Donna had left. All the time she thought Jerry might ring.

"Men!" she said savagely out loud. "They're all halfwits!"

The bell rang. Sue ignored it. It rang persistently. She let it ring. The ringing stopped and Sue could imagine Halliday walking away disappointed. Sue jumped up and ran to the door, calling after the retreating figure: "Mr. Halliday! I'm sorry. I was in the bathroom."

Halliday turned back, beaming. "I know you'll come to dinner with me, won't you?"

"Yes," Sue said. "If we can go to Mason's."

"Of course," he said. He seemed surprised.

But Sue was sure he was no more surprised than Jerry when he caught sight of her. He pretended he hadn't seen her, and she did the same, but from the corner of her eye she saw him watching her.

"Show booty," he muttered. "I'll show you, too!"

"Mmm?" Halliday said, a little startled.

"Just enjoying myself," Sue said.

But she wasn't. She was acutely miserable. Wouldn't it be better to say: "Look, I'm married to that great oaf over there, and I don't care what you do about it." But she knew she would care when Jerry was flying all over the world without her.

At nine forty-five Halliday suggested that they go to a night-club. "You look so much more beautiful out of your uniform that I must show you off," he said. He was most attentive and quite different from the Halliday of the office.

He held her hand as they left, and Sue knew Jerry's eyes followed her. But he was still sitting there when they left.

Sue had to direct Halliday how to get to the night-club, but he found time to tell her

Beauty in brief:

Skin build-up

By CAROLYN EARLE

● If an upset skin presents a problem, it is possible that over-eating or a diet that is high in starch and fats may be the cause.

THE idea is to avoid cakes, pies, chocolates, mayonnaise, fat meats, and the like for the time being and stock up on fresh fruits and vegetables.

Raw salad greens provide vitamins and minerals as well as the bulk and roughage necessary to clear the complexion.

Keep up your intake of plain water, too, for it has no substitute in the diet.

Other liquids, like coffee, tea, and soups—especially when flavored with sugar, or cream when available—are retained in the stomach for digestive purposes and do not have the cleansing value of clear water.

Make a point of getting your six or eight glasses of water daily.

how pretty she was and to say: "At last I know why we have such a high marriage casualty rate among hostesses—they're all so wonderfully feminine."

As they drove along he said a little wistfully: "It's awfully lonely at the top. I'm glad you weren't too proud to come out with me."

It was an altogether new line, and Sue found herself feeling sorry for him. It was dark outside the night-club. They parked half a block away and walked back. A taxi was idling outside.

As they were about to enter there was a sudden pounding of footsteps and a big figure in an overcoat and hat pulled down thudded full tilt into Halliday, knocking him off balance. In the same movement the man grabbed Sue, almost threw her into the cab, and said: "Go for your life, cabbie!"

"Jerry!" Sue said angrily. "What do you mean by—"

He grinned crookedly. "I'm fed to the back teeth with the whole business," he said. "I'm going to beat some sense into you."

"Into me!" she gasped.

Jerry tried to hold Sue's hand, but she sat tightly in the corner. "Where are you taking me?" she said.

"That little pub where we stay sometimes," he said.

"I don't want to go."

"Too bad," he said.

They didn't speak any more. At the hotel they got out in silence while Jerry paid.

Upstairs in Jerry's bed-sitting-room they still sat in silence. "Gee, I'd like to kiss you," Jerry said after a while.

"You're a callous imbecile," Sue said brutally.

Jerry jumped up. At that moment the door burst open with a crash, and two uniformed constables and a man with a revolver leapt into the room.

"Stay where you are!" the armed man said to Jerry. "You all right, Miss?"

"What?" Sue exclaimed.

"Yes, I'm all right."

"Suffering gremlins!" Jerry cried. "What the—?"

"Don't move!" the man said. "Fit him, constable."

A constable advanced with handcuffs, and Jerry, alarmed, backed away. The man with the gun was warning him about the dangers of resisting lawful arrest when Halliday came in the door. He stopped dead when he saw Jerry. He said to Sue: "Did he... was he the man who...?"

Sue said loudly: "Will you please stop this tomfoolery and leave my husband alone?"

They all stared at her. They took some convincing that she hadn't been kidnapped but finally they left. Halliday stayed behind. "I will expect your resignation the moment you arrive back in Australia," Mrs. Denison, he said. "And it won't be necessary for you to change flights. And under the circumstances, Captain, I will be forced to ask the board to ground you as assistant airport superintendent."

"Now look here—" Jerry began.

"Keep quiet!" Sue said. "That big mouth of yours causes too much trouble." She walked Halliday to the door. "You're sweet," she said. "If he tries to get a job as pilot with some other line blacklist him, will you? He's been having blackouts for some time, and isn't to be trusted with a ship."

When she opened the door Donna was standing there. "Boy, have I had a time tracing that guy who walked out on me at Mason's!" she said feelingly. "He didn't even pay the bill. Now some cops downstairs tell me some fantastic story about—"

Gorgeous Georgie Halliday took her by the arm, gently but firmly. "Let me tell you all about it," he said. "My car's outside and—"

She wanted to stay and began to protest, but Sue shut the door. Their voices faded down the stairs.

She turned and looked at Jerry. He folded her in his arms and she murmured: "You big oaf!" and began to cry. But she didn't feel unhappy any more.

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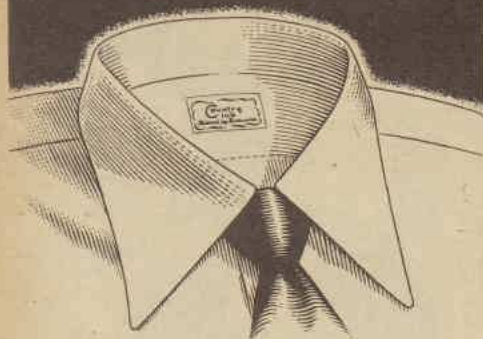
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Easier Than Working

Continued from page 6

ried it out to the car. He went back for his overalls. Pop came out of the kitchen, keeping his lip buttoned.

"I can get in a couple of hours on the job," Eddie said. "The car'll be here before you have to leave."

"Don't fuss about getting it back for me," Pop said dryly. "I never missed a bus in my life."

"Ah!" Eddie said, and went out.

When he turned a corner presently and saw the house he had helped to build standing unadorned half a block away, the thought flashed through his mind that this house would be about the size he and Peggy could use.

Then he saw Joe's car parked in front of the house. It made him mad. Joe had said he wouldn't be here today. His being here made Eddie look like a quitter, like a chiseller.

He yanked his tools out of the car. Joe was at work in the kitchen, tapping a nail. Not driving it. Tapping. Tap, pause, tap, pause, tap. Eddie's anger faded as he stood watching.

"New technique?" he said. Joe turned slowly, steadying himself on the drainboard under his hand.

"That you, Eddie?" He looked sick.

"What's the idea?" Eddie began truculently. Joe sat down on a stool he must have brought on the job with him that morning. "You said you weren't working."

"That's right," Joe said. "But I felt a little better, so I came on over." He cradled the wounded hand in his other one, holding it while he talked. "You been to a doctor?"

"I thought I'd stop in to-night on my way home."

"Listen," Eddie said sharply, "you're on your way home right now. Go on. Get out of here." He picked up the older man's hammer and shoved it into his pocket. "There's nothing wrong with my thumbs. I'll work along here till you get back."

Joe sat looking at him, and that measuring look came into his eyes again, and with it this time a mild contempt. Presently he stood up.

"I appreciate the offer, Eddie. But there's no way to meet the contract if I'm laid out a while. We weren't making out as it was." He wiped a hand over his thin face. "It'll only make me sicker to think of you over here wasting time on my money while I'm laid up."

He wasn't being mean about it. He was just too sick to see a need for diplomacy . . . or care. "You might as well take time off, too."

It seemed to Eddie that Joe weaved a little making for the door.

"You all right?" Eddie said coldly.

"I'll make it to the doctor's," Joe said. From the door he looked back over his shoulder at Eddie. "Pick up my tools for me, will you? Take 'em home with you. I'll come past as soon as I can to pick 'em up."

They were good tools. Eddie had duplicated a few of them for himself, but he'd given up putting his money into that kind of thing when he bought the car.

Now he spent a few minutes

admiring Joe's assortment, handling them carefully, with the affection any good workman feels for the tops in the tools of his trade. Presently anger began to pulse inside of him again.

He came back the next day, still angry, obscurely determined to show Joe something. He didn't think about the contract. He didn't even think much about Joe, but Peggy came into his mind sometimes. Take a girl like that, he thought, she'd be a slave-driver, never let a man rest, never let him take a day off.

He was tired that night. It surprised him. He sat at dinner alone, Pop already gone, and looked at his right hand. It shook a little. He'd never seen it shake before. His shoulders ached, too, and his legs. He'd run a good deal that day.

The next night he sat a long time after he'd eaten before he did the dishes.

He couldn't believe he'd been that soft. He couldn't believe that two days' hard work could lame him. He sat a while, feeling that maybe Joe had been handing him a big measure of charity with his pay envelope every week.

He waited up on Friday night for Pop to come home. His aches were little ones by that time. He felt good. He felt better than he had for a year, for two years, maybe. He felt like another full meal by the time he'd helped Pop get it on the table.

"What's come over you, Eddie?" Pop said — the same words he'd used not many nights ago — but said differently. "You taking vitamins?"

COMPLETELY ignoring the banter, Eddie said, "Pop, how much do you figure I'd have to put up to go in with Joe on that cab-network idea of his? How much hard cash?"

"You could ask him. That way you'd know." Pop wiped his moustache with a careful hand. "Somebody put you wise to yourself?"

"I don't know," Eddie didn't know how long this feeling inside him would last, but he had an idea it was smart to capitalise on it while it did. "I've got two hundred bucks in the bank." Two hundred dollars. Less than one month's pay, and he'd been working steadily for how long? Five years!

Pop paused in cutting his meat. "I'm surprised," he said. "I don't know how you got that much laid away with the hole you got in your head for it to dribble out of."

He laid down his fork and reached into the inner pocket of his coat hanging on the back of his chair. He drew out his cheque-book. He found his glasses and put them on.

"A good deal of what I got's tied up in Government bonds," he said, "and it's going to stay there. That way I'll know it'll be there when I kick off. Maybe at least one of my grandchildren will get their education out of it. Let's see here."

He had neat rows of cramped figures jotted on the back of the last cheque in the cheque-book. "One way and another, I could let you

have five thousand dollars . . . loaned, you understand." He looked up at Eddie sternly over his glasses.

Eddie didn't say anything. Five thousand dollars, he thought. Pop has five thousand dollars! And Government bonds besides!

"How'd you get all that money tucked away?" he said at last.

"I didn't buy any cars for three thousand dollars when I was your age," Pop said.

On Monday morning Eddie got to the job early. He was looking at a couple of mired corners that had cost him too much time the day before, when he heard Joe's step crossing the floor. He knew by that step that Joe was well again, ready to go.

He waited, anticipating Joe's pleasure at the sight of how much Eddie had accomplished while he was gone. It took some of the air out of his balloon when Joe wouldn't believe he hadn't had another man helping him. Joe came trotting in to him every now and again all day to have the point reiterated.

By knock-off time, Eddie was almost sore enough to skip the cabinet-work idea altogether, maybe for keeps. But Joe, climbing into his car, backed out and came over to Eddie.

"You thought any more about that idea I had . . . cabinet making, the two of us . . . set up a little shop somewhere?"

"With your tools and my brains," Eddie said. "I think we'd make a go." It had been a long time since he'd had a laugh with Joe.

The laugh left him feeling good, wanting to talk to somebody, wanting to spill out the crowding ideas he had for setting up a shop. Pop wouldn't be home for hours. Eddie wouldn't be interested. But that dough into a really little shop when you could buy a de luxe model car with a special body? he would say.

Biff brought Peggy into his mind. It occurred to him that maybe he ought to see her once more, to demonstrate to the new man that she'd never do for a cabinet-maker's wife. Not with her ideas. If he saw her once more he could cancel her out of his future plans.

Anyway, he told himself, she'd be somebody to talk to. He'd say hello and tell her a few things, and shove on somewhere to a movie.

So when she came downstairs and into the weathered reception room of the boarding-house, Eddie had lined up some terse opening sentences. She stopped just inside the door, breathing unsteadily, looking at him, speechless. Eddie controlled the moment. He had all that startled silence into which to pour words. So he poured a few into it.

He said, "I couldn't wait away."

"Eddie," she said. "Eddie." After that, everything he said was right into her ear. On against her lips. He thought that it made sense. He thought it was what he had come to

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CWSH

DECIDEDLY this about child was a refreshing change from the generality of damsels. Mr. Beaumaris thought. Had he been a younger man, he reflected, he might easily have succumbed to her charm.

It was fortunate that he was thirty, and no longer to be caught just by a pretty face and naive ways.

"It is not at all necessary," he said. "You dance delightfully. You do not mean to tell me that this is the first time you have waltzed?"

Miss Tallant certainly did not mean to tell him anything of the sort and was already regretting her impulsive confidence.

"Good gracious, no!" she said. "The first time at Almark's, however."

"I am happy to think, then, that mine was the honor of first leading you on to the

floor. You will certainly be besieged by every man present now it is seen that you have no objections to the waltz."

She said nothing, but fell to studying his waistcoat again. He glanced down at her, a hint of mockery in the smile that hovered about his mouth.

"How does it feel, Miss Tallant, to be the rage of town?" he asked. "Do you enjoy it, or have your northern triumphs given you a distaste for this sort of thing?"

She raised her eyes, and her chin, too. "I am afraid, Mr. Beaumaris, that you betrayed what I—what I begged you not to speak of!"

There was a distinctly sardonic look in his eye, but he replied. "I assure you, ma'am, I have mentioned your circumstances to one person only: Lord Fleetwood."

Arabella Continued from page 8

"Then it is he who—" She broke off, flushing.

"Very probably," he agreed. "You must not blame him, however. Such things are bound to leak out."

Her lips parted, then closed again. He wondered what she had so nearly said; whether he was to have been treated to her society manner, or whether she had been about to tell him the truth.

On the whole, he was glad that she had thought better of it. If she took him into her confidence, he supposed he would be obliged, in mercy, to bring this game to a close, which would be a pity, since it was providing him with a great deal of entertainment.

When the music ceased he led her to one of the adjoining rooms where refreshments were served. He procured her a glass of lemonade and said, "You must let me thank you for a delightful few minutes, Miss Tallant; I have seldom enjoyed a dance more."

He received a slight smile and an inclination of the head in answer to this, which were both so eloquent of incredulity that he was delighted. No fool, then, the little Tallant!

MR. BEAUMARIS

was to realise more and more clearly as time went on that the little Tallant was no fool. It began to be borne in upon him that charm he ever so wisely, she was never within danger of losing her head over him. She treated him in the friendliest fashion, accepted his homage, and—he suspected—was making the fullest use of him.

If he paid her compliments, she listened to them with the most innocent air in the world but with a look in her candid gaze which gave him pause. The little Tallant valued his compliments not at all.

If he flirted with her, she generally responded in kind but with so much the manner of one willing to indulge him that the hunter woke in him and he was quite as much piqued as amused.

He began to toy with the notion of making her fall in love with him in good earnest, just to teach her that he was not to be so treated with impunity.

Once, when she was apparently not in the humor for gallantry, she actually had the effrontery to cut him short, saying, "Oh, never mind that! Who was that odd-looking man who waved to you just now? Why does he walk in that ridiculous way and screw up his mouth so? Is he in pain?"

He was taken aback, for really he had paid her a compliment calculated to cast her into exquisite confusion.

"That," he replied, "is one of our dandies. He is not in pain. That walk denotes his consequence."

"Good gracious! He looks as though he went upon stilts! Why does he think himself of such consequence?"

"He has never accustomed himself to the thought that he is worth at least forty thousand pounds a year," replied Mr. Beaumaris gravely.

"What an odious person he must be," she said scornfully. "To be consequential for such a reason as that is something I have no patience with!"

"Naturally you have not," he agreed smoothly.

Her color rushed up. She said quickly, "Fortune cannot make the man: I am persuaded you agree with me, for they tell me you are even more wealthy, Mr. Beaumaris, and I will say this—you do not give yourself airs like that!"

"Thank you," said Mr. Beaumaris meekly. "I scarcely dared to hope for such great praise from you, ma'am."

"Was it rude of me to say it? I beg your pardon!" "Not at all." He glanced down at her. "Tell me, Miss Tallant, just why do you grant me the pleasure of driving you out in my curricle?"

She responded with perfect composure but with that sparkle in her eye which he had encountered several times before. "You must know that it does me a great deal of good socially to be seen in your company, sir!"

He was so much surprised that momentarily he let his hands drop. The greys broke into a canter and Miss Tallant kindly advised him to mind his horses. The most notable whip in the country thanked her for her reminder and steadied his pair.

Miss Tallant consoled him for the chagrin he might have been supposed to feel by saying that she thought he drove very well.

"You are too good, Miss Tallant!" he answered.

"Oh, no!" she said politely. "Shall you be at the masquerade at the Argyll Rooms to-night?"

"I never attend such affairs, ma'am," he retorted, putting her in her place.

"Oh, then I shall not see you there," remarked Miss Tallant cheerfully.

She did not see him there, but, little though she might have known it, he was obliged to exercise considerable restraint not to cast to the four winds his famed fastidiousness and to minister to her vanity by appearing at the ball.

He did not do it, and hoped that she had missed him. She had, but this was something she would not acknowledge even to herself.

Arabella, who had liked Mr. Beaumaris on sight, was setting a strong guard over her sensibilities. He had seemed to her, when first her eyes had alighted on his handsome person, to be almost the embodiment of a dream. Then he had uttered such words to his friend as must shatter for ever her esteem and had wickedly led her into vulgar prevarication.

Now it was his pleasure to single her out from all the beauties in town, for reasons better known to himself than to her, but which she darkly suspected to be mischievous. No fool, the little Tallant!

If she missed him at the masquerade, no one would have guessed it, as she danced indefatigably all night.

She was suddenly awakened next morning by the sudden clatter of fire-irons in the cold hearth. Since the menial who crept into her chamber to sweep the grate and kindle a new fire there performed her task with trained stealth, this noise was unusual enough to rouse Arabella with a start.

Please turn to page 37

DURING HOT— HUMID WEATHER TAKE Clements TONIC

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EAT
BETTER



SLEEP
BETTER



FEEL
BETTER



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WHIMPERING

from the direction of the fireplace made Arabella sit up with a jerk, blinking at the unexpected vision of a small, dirty, and tear-stained little boy, almost cowering on the hearth, and regarding her out of scared, dilating eyes.

"Good gracious!" Arabella cried, staring at him. "Who are you? What are you doing here?"

The child cringed at the sound of her voice and returned no answer. The mists of sleep curled away from Arabella's brain; her eyes took in the soot lying on the floor, the grimed appearance of her strange visitor, and enlightenment dawned on her.

"You must be a climbing-boy," she exclaimed. "But what are you doing in my room?" Then she perceived the terror in the pinched and grimed small face, and she said quickly, "Don't be afraid! Did you lose your way in those horrid chimneys?"

The urchin nodded, knocking his eyes. He further volunteered the information that old Grimshy would bash him for it. Arabella, who had had leisure to observe that one side of his face was swollen and discolored, demanded, "Is that your master? Does he beat you?"

The urchin nodded.

"Well, he shan't beat you for this," said Arabella, stretching out her hand for the dressing-gown that was disposed across the chair beside her bed. "Wait! I am going to get up!"

The urchin looked very much alarmed by this intelligence and shrank back against the wall, watching her defensively. She slid out of bed, thrust her feet into her slippers, fastened her dressing-gown, and advanced kindly upon her visitor.

He flung up an instinctive arm, crying before her. He was clad in disgraceful rags, and Arabella now saw that the ends of his nether garments were much charred and that his skinny legs and bare feet were badly burnt.

She dropped to her knees, crying out pitifully, "Oh, poor little fellow! You have burnt yourself so dreadfully!"

The urchin lowered his protective arm, looked suspiciously at her over it. "Ole Grimshy done it," he said. She caught her breath. "What?"

"I'm afraid of going up the chimney," explained the urchin. "Sometimes there's rats—big fierce 'uns!"

She shuddered. "And he forces you to do so—like that?"

"They most of 'em does," said the urchin, accepting life as he found it.

"Poor child!" Arabella said, a break in her voice. "You are too thin, too! I'm sure you are half-starved! Are you hungry?"

"I'm allus hungry," he replied simply.

"And cold, too!" she said. "No wonder, in those rags! It is wicked, wicked!" She jumped up and tugged the bell-pull. Then she turned back to the child. "What is your name, my little man?"

"Jemmy," he replied.

"And how old are you?" This he was unable to answer, being uninstructed in the matter. She judged him to be perhaps seven or eight years old, and put more questions to

him. He seemed to have no knowledge of the existence of any parents, volunteering that he was an orphan, on the parish.

With growing confidence, he imparted to her, in the most matter-of-fact way, some details of a climbing-boy's life which drove the blood from her cheeks. He told of the violence of one of ole Grimshy's associates, Mr. Molys, who had been sentenced to two years' imprisonment for causing the death of his six-year-old slave.

"Two years!" cried Arabella, sickened by the tale of cruelty so casually unfolded. "If he had stolen a yard of silk from a mercer's factory they would have deported him."

A discreet knock fell on the door and a housemaid entered the room. When her eye alighted on Arabella's visitor she uttered a gentle shriek. "Oh, miss! The young varmint to give you such a fright! It's the chimney sweep's boy, miss, and him looking for him all over. You come with me this instant, you wicked boy, you!"

JEMMY, recognising a language he understood, replied that he had not meant to do it.

"Hush!" Arabella said, dropping her hand on one bony little shoulder. "I know very well it is the sweep's boy, Jane, and if you look at him you will see how he has been used! Go downstairs, if you please, and fetch me some food for him directly—and send someone to kindle the fire here!"

Jane stared at her as though she had taken leave of her senses. "Miss!" she managed to ejaculate. "A dirty little climbing-boy?"

"When he has been bathed," said Arabella quietly, "he will not be dirty. I shall need plenty of warm water, and the bath, if you please. But first a fire and some milk and food for the poor child!"

The affronted handmaid bridled. "I hope, miss, you do not expect me to wash that nasty little creature."

"No," said Arabella, "I expect nothing from you that I might expect from a girl with a more feeling heart! Go and do what I have asked you to do, and desire Becky to come upstairs to me."

"Becky?" gasped Jane.

"Yes, the girl who had toothache. And when you have brought up food, send someone to tell Lord Bridlington that I wish to see him at once."

Jane gulped and stammered. "But, miss, his lordship is abed and asleep!"

"Well, let him be awakened!" Arabella commanded.

"Miss, I dare not for my life! His orders were no one was to disturb him till nine o'clock, and he won't come, not till he has shaved himself, and dressed, not his lordship!"

Arabella considered the question, and finally came to the conclusion that it might be wiser to dispense with his lordship's assistance for the time being. "Very well," she said. "I will dress immediately, then, and see the sweep myself. Tell him to wait."

"See the sweep—dress! Miss, you won't never! With that boy watching you!"

Arabella

Continued from page 35

"Don't be such a fool, girl!" snapped Arabella, stamping her foot. "He's scarcely older than my little brother at home. Go away before you put me out of all patience with you!"

This, however, Jane could not be persuaded to do until she had arranged a prim screen between the wondering Jemmy and his hostess. Then she tottered away to spread the news through the house that Miss was raving mad. But since she did not dare to thwart a guest so much petted by her mistress, she delivered Arabella's message to Becky and condescended to carry up a tray of food to her room.

Jemmy, huddled in a big chair, understood nothing of what was intended towards him. But he perfectly understood the significance of a plate of cold beef and half a loaf of bread, and his sharp eyes glistened.

Arabella settled him down to the enjoyment of his meal and sallied forth to do battle with the redoubtable Mr. Grimshy, uneasily awaiting her in the front hall.

The scene, conducted under the openmouthed stare of a footman in his shirt-sleeves, two astonished and giggling maids, and the kitchen-boy, was worthy of a better audience. Mr. Beaumaris, for instance, would have enjoyed it immensely.

Mr. Grimshy, knowing that the sympathies of those members of the household he had so far encountered were with him, and seeing that his assailant was only a chit of a girl, tried at the outset to take a high line, rapidly cataloguing Jemmy's many vices, and adjuring Arabella not to believe a word the varmint uttered.

He soon discovered that what Arabella lacked in inches she more than made up for in spirit. She tore his character to shreds, and warned him of his ultimate fate; she flung Jemmy's burns and bruises in his face, and bade him answer if he dare.

She assured him that never would she permit Jemmy to go back to him, and when he tried to point out his undoubted rights over the boy, she said that if he wished to talk of his rights he might do so before a magistrate. At these words, all vestige of fight went out of him.

The misfortune which had overtaken his friend, Mr. Molys, was still fresh in his mind, and he desired to have no dealings with an unjust law. The course for a prudent man to follow was retreat. Mr. Grimshy, his back bent nearly double, edged himself out of the house, trying to assure Arabella in one breath that she might keep Jemmy, and welcome, and that, whatever the ungrateful brat might say, he had been like a father to him.

Flushed with her triumph, Arabella returned to her room, where she found Jemmy, the plate of meat long since disposed of, eyeing with a good deal of apprehension the preparations for his ablutions.

A capacious hip-bath stood before the fire, into which Becky was emptying the last of three large brass cans of hot water. Whatever Becky might think of the climbing-boy, she

had conceived a slavish adoration of Arabella and she declared her willingness to do anything Miss might ask.

Not long after this, Lady Bridlington's maid came into her room with her breakfast tray and the pleasing intelligence that Miss Arabella was out of her mind; that she had a dirty little boy in her room and had insisted on bathing and feeding him.

As she was telling her tale, Arabella herself came into the room. Her visit brought on a nervous spasm of alarming intensity. Lady Bridlington now understood that she was expected not only to house a boy picked out of the gutter but to pursue his late master by every means in her power.

Arabella talked of the law and of magistrates; of cruelties which made it almost impossible for Lady Bridlington even to swallow her coffee.

She could not be silenced until her godmother promised to rise and dress immediately, so that the matter could be discussed with William.

The harassed woman was pouring out the whole tale to her son in the sitting-room some time later when Arabella came into the room leading Jemmy, washed and clothed in new garments that she had sent Becky out to buy.

"Good morning, Lord Bridlington," she said calmly. "I am glad you are here, for you will best be able to help me to decide what I ought to do with Jemmy."

"I can certainly do so, Miss Tallant," he answered. "The boy must of course go back where he belongs. It was most improper of you, if you will permit me to say so, to interfere between him and his master."

He encountered a look which surprised him.

"I do not permit anyone, Lord Bridlington, to tell me that in rescuing a helpless child from the brutality of a monster I am doing what is improper," said Arabella.

"No, no, my dear, of course not," hastily interposed Lady Bridlington. "William did not mean—but, you see, there is nothing one can do in these sad cases! That is—I am sure William will speak to the man—give him a good fright."

"And Jemmy?" demanded Arabella. "What will you do with him?"

His lordship looked distastefully at the candidate for his protection. Not the most thorough application of soap and water could turn him into a well-favored child.

He said fretfully, "If you had any knowledge of the laws governing apprentices, my dear Miss Tallant, you would know that it is quite impossible to steal this boy away from his master."

"When the master of an apprentice misuses a boy as this child has been misused," retorted Papa's daughter, "he renders himself liable to prosecution. What is more, this man knows it, and I assure you he does not expect to have Jemmy returned to him."

"I suppose you think I should adopt the boy!" said William, goaded.

"No, I do not think that,"

Biblical film scenes banned

ALTHOUGH he passed torrid love-making in "Duel in the Sun," the famous "sleeping-bag" sequence in "For Whom the Bell Tolls" and bedroom scenes in a French film, "La Ronde," the Chief Film Censor (Mr. J. O. Alexander) won't let theatres show some scenes from "David and Bathsheba."

His explanation is that censorship standards for Biblical or religious stories are stricter than those for non-religious stories.

Mr. Alexander says that Australian film censorship is "the most broadminded in the world."

You can judge the accuracy of that claim for yourself after reading in A.M. for January how the censor works. Censored and uncensored pictures are published with the article.

replied Arabella, her voice a little unsteady. "I only think that you might—show some compassion for one so wretchedly circumstanced."

William colored hotly. "Well, of course, I am excessively sorry, but—"

"Oh, that Papa were here!" Arabella cried. "I see that it is useless to talk to you, for

you are selfish and heartless and you care for nothing but your own comfort!"

It was at this inopportune moment that the door was opened, the butler announced two callers, and Lord Fleetwood and Mr. Beaumaris walked into the room.

To be continued

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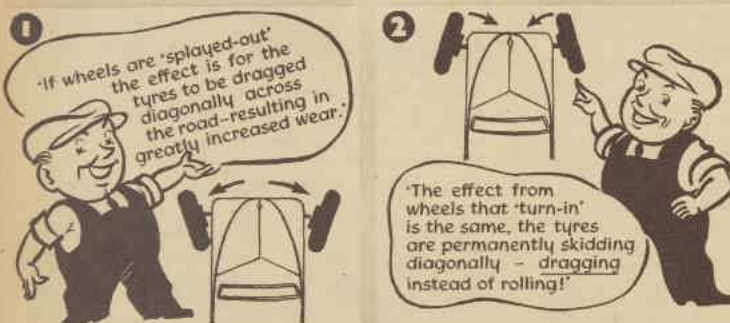
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PERRY MASON

by ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

• In Manila, famous lawyer Perry Mason and private detective Paul Drake find Lasa, girl-friend of Army deserter Max Carson, strangled. Carson is posing as David Bidon, whose rich wife, Ilya, married again, believing her husband to be dead. Perry suspects Carson, but wants to prove he also murdered Bidon, so plans to get his accomplice, Juan, to lead him to Bidon's body.

AFTER DRAKE HAS DELIVERED CARSON'S ACCOMPLICE, JUAN, TO MASON'S ROOM....

DELLA, HOW DOES PERRY THINK HE CAN BLUFF JUAN INTO LEADING US TO BIDON'S BODY BY PRETENDING IT HAS ALREADY BEEN FOUND?

JUAN WILL HALF BELIEVE IT... AND WANT TO KNOW FOR SURE! - IN THREE MINUTES I'M TO PHONE, PRETENDING....

SO IT IS BIDON'S BODY!! I THOUGHT SO! THANK YOU, INSPECTOR. - NO, I CAN'T TALK NOW....

IS IT TRUE? IF IT IS TRUE... CAN I MAKE THE DOOR WHILE HE'S...

I THINK HE SWALLOWED IT! I LET HIM SNEAK OUT WHILE I WAS AT THE PHONE. WE'LL CALL YOU, DELLA.

SURE THAT'S JUAN'S CAB WE'RE TRAILING, PAUL?

EVEN IF I FIND THE BODY'S STILL THERE, MAYBE I'D BETTER GO UNDERGROUND.

YEP! THERE HE GOES AROUND THE CORNER. STEP ON IT!

JUAN SEEMS TO KNOW WHERE HE'S GOING, -PERRY, BUT I HOPE THIS ISN'T A WILD GOOSE CHASE!

REMEMBER WHERE THAT STORE IS, PAUL! THEY'VE GOT A TELEPHONE, AND I MAY HAVE TO CALL DELLA LATER.

MAX CARSON MIGHT DECIDE I KNOW TOO MUCH!

HE'S PAYING OFF HIS CAB, PAUL. FROM NOW ON IT'S ON FOOT.

THE WAR DIDN'T DO THIS SUBURB ANY GOOD!

BOMBED OUT AND DESERTED, PAUL - AND A PERFECT PLACE TO HIDE A BODY!

THERE IT IS! I REMEMBER THOSE TWO TIMBERS! NOW LET'S SEE....

TO BE CONTINUED

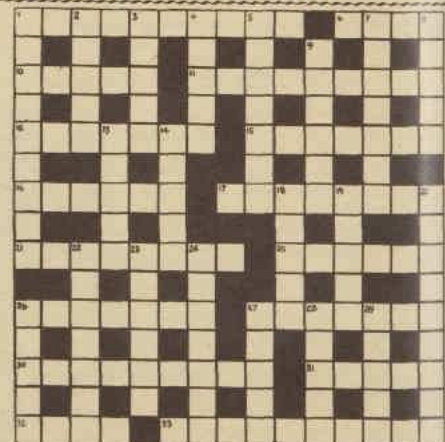
THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- This numismatic alternative is just a loss (4, 5, 4).
- Thousand in a high card is the highest point (4).
- Indistinct is mainly malarial fever (5).
- Famous, though very inferior, name of a famous dun (9).
- Admiral Edward, yet warred off (7).
- Anger fifty and a country in Europe (7).
- An animated peevishness is skilful (6).
- If you were in it, this trouble maker could be transformed to a guller (8).
- Try a pest (anagr. 8).
- Let Old give offence (6).
- Wise but rude at heart (7).
- Crossing a donkey in a page (7).
- I find him which cannot be biassed out (9).
- Cast metal made to gin (5).
- This nobleman has the means to listen to fifty (4).
- Means of control expressed and restored (10).



Solution to last week's crossword.



Solution will be published next week

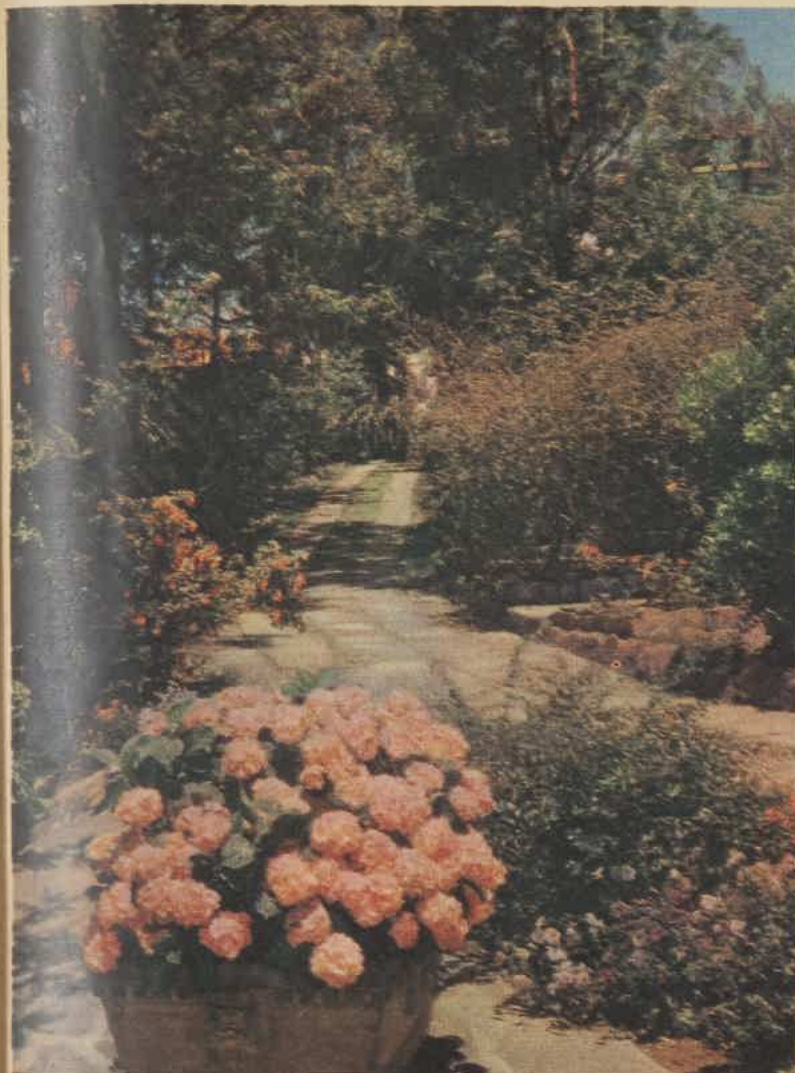
DOWN

- Invitation to have a go especially at Bixley (4, 1, 4).
- Reason though it is made up of rage and you (5).
- Patent but not medicine (5).
- Exhausted because it turned before a communist (5).
- I sing in (anagr. 7).
- An American to get in touch with somebody would study the right thing to do (7).
- Remove errors with men inside (5).
- Purpose in shelter (6).
- Set upright a sire when upset (5).
- Set upright again, but this is not or nearly so (5).
- Country in Asia (5).
- French city on the Rhone with famous Roman constructions (5).
- Retired a pleasurable entertainment in a read (9).
- Mortar which on appearance only weighs 16 ounces (7).
- Measure of length after a booklet writes letter by letter (6).
- The sun god and a piece of furniture is liable to be taxed of a municipality (7).
- If it's of life, it is manhood though full of heartroot (5).
- Teem a feather about in enclosure (5).
- Supply grudgingly holy man in tea (5).
- Class along are in a reversed togs (5).

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—January 23, 1952

GARDEN LANDSCAPES

Planned to provide beautiful vistas, the four-acre grounds of the home of Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Page, of Northcote Street, Lindfield, N.S.W., are planted with scores of beautiful trees, shrubs, and vines in contrast to flower borders.



BRANCHES of trees bordering the drive from the street to the house interlock overhead, and flowers and shrubs provide color. The entrance gates are set between stone pillars.

WATER BALLET. Mrs. Page watches her children, Dorothy, Brian, and Richard, and a friend, Margaret Knapp, perform their own version of a water ballet.



A GLIMPSE of the Elizabethan-style house which Mr. and Mrs. Page have named "Chenies." Terraced lawns surround it and walks lead to other sections of the garden. Mrs. Page uses tubs of flowering shrubs to decorate the terraces.



TIMBERED to match the house, the garage is reached by a flower-bordered drive. An old street gas-light standard now lit by electricity shows the way at night. A pathway from the garage leads to the children's playhouse, set amid trees.



LOOKING towards the tennis court from a lower lawn. The inscription on the hand-packed stone sundial reads: "Grow old with me, the best is yet to be." Below: The sunken garden, with an English oak flourishing as a lawn specimen. Trees have been planted wherever possible, and are the key points in garden plan.



So safe

you'll want
to use it
always



So kind to hands
as well as
clothes

SAFE LUX CARE MEANS TWICE
THE WEAR-DIP STOCKINGS WHEN
YOU TAKE THEM OFF



COLOURS, TOO, STAY BRIGHT AS
NEW. LUX KEEPS COLOURS
FRESH THREE TIMES AS
LONG

WASH UP EACH DAY THIS FASTER WAY!
LUX DOES ALL YOUR DAILY DISHES
FOR ONLY ONE PENNY



SAFE FROM HARM THEY KEEP
THEIR CHARM. DON'T RISK BAR
SOAP RUBBING. KNITTEDS KEEP
THEIR NEW LOOK WASHED IN LUX

So little LUX does such a lot



Don't be
HALF
SAFE

It's easy to be sure.

NEW ... Cream Deodorant safely Stops
Perspiration 1 to 3 Days

1. Instantly stops perspiration, keeps armpits dry. Acts safely, as proved by leading doctors.
2. Does not irritate or stain clothes.
3. Removes odor from perspiration on contact in 2 seconds. Has antiseptic action.
4. Does not irritate skin. Can be used right after shaving.
5. A pure, white, stainless vanishing cream.



ARRID

DON'T BE HALF-SAFE. BE ARRID-SAFE.
USE ARRID—TO BE SURE!

BEGIN, MURDERER!

A brilliant new mystery story
by **DESMOND CORY**.

For early release.

SHAKESPEARE HEAD PRESS
Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, Adelaide.

DRESS SENSE By Betty Keep

● New and important in casuals is a wrap-around blouse with a plunging neckline. I have illustrated this design for the reader who wrote asking for something new in a shirt blouse to wear with treader pants.

"WOULD you please design some kind of blouse on jacket suitable to wear with below-knee pants? I am tired of the tailored sports blouses currently in vogue."

A wrap-around shirt blouse made in white or pastel cotton looks very effective not only with pants but with separate skirt or a casual suit. The blouse is illustrated at right. The design has raglan sleeves and is finished with a peaked collar and matching cuffs. You can obtain a paper pattern for the design in sizes 32 to 38 in. bust. The blouse takes 2 1/2 yds. of 36 in. material, and the price is 2/6. The panel on this page tells you where and how to order.

Separates are new

"COULD you help me with a style for a ballerina frock? As I always mix with the one group, I would like to make the frock look different on various occasions. I am 34 years, with bust 36 ins. It is some time since I have bought such a frock, and I want it to be really good."

Have you ever thought of "separates"? With one skirt and two tops you can achieve much more variety than you can with a dress, however clever you are with accessories. For you I suggest a black taffeta skirt cut in shaped gores, plus a black silk jersey blouse. For the second top I like the idea of silver or gold



Wrap-around blouse in sizes 32 to 38 in. bust. Requires 2 1/2 yds. 36 in. material. Price 2/6. Pattern for the pants not available.

lame. Have the jersey blouse high-necked with dolman sleeves, the lame one with a square-cut "cuffed" neck and puff sleeves.

For autumn
"MY problem is a coat-and-frock ensemble for early autumn. I do not want it in wool. The outfit is to be worn on more formal occasions."

One of the very newest ensemble types for autumn is the princess coat-frock. The coat is fitted and the dress made in Empire style with a contrasting bust-length yoke. My material and color suggestion is grey silk shantung. The dress, tailored and made with a grey lace yoke and short sleeves, could be finished with a soft pink silk bustline band.

Versatile suit

"THE wedding of my daughter will take place at the end of next month and I am worried about what to wear. My hips are rather large."

A suit, feminine in line yet precisely tailored, would be ideal. I like the idea of navy or printed silk. Have the jacket to just below hip-length, with a fitted waist. A skirt cut in shaped gores will flatter your hips.

DRESS SENSE PATTERNS

WHEN ordering a paper pattern for the design illustrated, address letters to Mrs. Betty Keep, "Dress Sense," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

Enclose the illustration of the design and cost of pattern, 2/6.

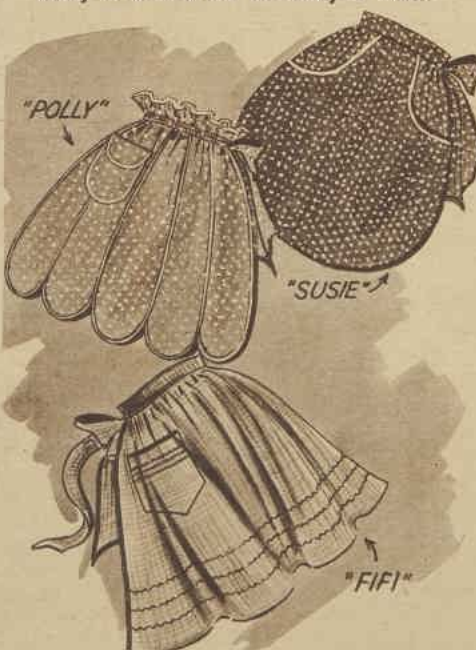
Be sure to give full address, including the State you live in, and also supply size.

C.O.D. ORDERS WILL NOT BE ACCEPTED.

I will be glad to advise you in my column on any fashion problem.

Fashion FROCKS

Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.



"SUSIE."—Peg Apron: A very practical apron designed with a shaped double front allowing a roomy space for carrying pgs. Material is summer-breeze cotton. The color choice includes blue, green, red, pink, lemon, and navy, all printed with a white pin-spot.

Ready to Wear Only: Size medium, price 14/11. Postage and registration, 1/6 extra.

"POLLY."—Unusual and pretty apron made in petal-shaped sections finished with a shirred elastic waistline, a large pocket, and white bias-binding trim. The apron is obtainable in summer-breeze cotton. The color choice includes sky-blue, lettuce-green, red, pink, lemon, and navy, all printed with a white pin-spot.

Ready to Wear Only: Size medium, price 12/11. Postage and registration, 1/6 extra.

"FIFI."—Contrasting rick-rack braid in two colors trims the skirt and pocket of this attractive waist apron. The apron is obtainable in check cotton. Color choice includes red and white, blue and white, green and white, and navy and white.

Ready to Wear Only: Size medium, price 14/11. Postage and registration, 1/6 extra.

NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. If ordering by mail send to address given on page 42

For
Indigestion
anywhere!
anytime!



DIGESTIF
RENNIES
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Pleasant-tasting Rennie's relieve indigestion pain in seconds—anywhere, anytime. Simply suck the Rennie's. No fuss with water. No glass or spoon needed. As Rennie's dissolve, five medicinal ingredients trickle gently into your stomach, correcting acidity, helping your digestion.

Rennie's do not over-alkalise—their neutralising action is nearest to Nature's own.

★ Individually wrapped for carrying in pocket or handbag.

Save 1/6—buy the large—it contains 4 times the quantity.



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RENNIES

Anywhere!
Anytime!

★ D.R.S.H.

ANYWHERE - ANYTIME



Always enjoy
Allmans

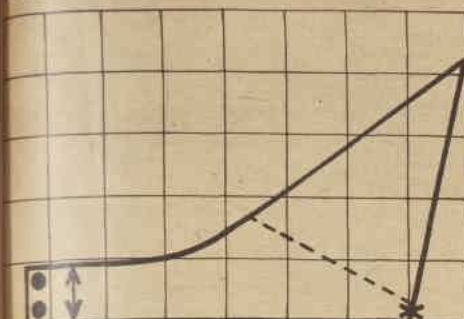


ALLMANS NO. 1
VIRGINIA BLEND CIGARETTES
(10s & 20s, Cork Tipped or Full)
TRUE VIRGINIA LEAF
TRUE VIRGINIA FLAVOUR

Keep slim — with
Sanitarium
Diabetic
Rolls



Collar with a dandified air



MAKE YOUR PATTERN for the wing collar from this diagram. Scale: One square equals one inch.

This elegant little accessory has been designed as a contrast to a plain dark dress for office wear during the coming months.

RIBBON ties give a smart finish to the collar. Complete directions for making both are given below.

For an immaculate effect, dip the collar in raw starch after each washing, roll it in a towel for an hour or so, then while damp.

Materials: 1yd. pique 36in. wide; 1yd. tulle ribbon in contrasting color 1 1/2in. wide; 1hook and eye; cotton.

Pattern: Make from diagram (scale 1 square to 1in.). Solid spots mark edge to be laid on fold of fabric. Arrow marks straight grain of fabric.

Cutting Directions: Allow 1in. seam allowance all round when cutting. Cut 2 pieces by pattern from pique. When cutting ribbons, brush colorless nail varnish round edges to prevent fraying.

Sewing Directions: Lay two pique sections right sides to-

gether, edges even, and machine-stitch all round, leaving an opening of 4 inches at centre of long straight edge. Trim raw edge to 1/4in. and turn collar through to the right side, taking care to push points out well. Sandwich raw edges of opening and slip-stitch. Press collar.

Fold collar points back at broken line and press. Sew hook and eye neatly and invisibly at centre front (*).

Mark centre of ribbon and make a 1/4in. dart the depth of the ribbon; make four similar darts (1 1/4in. apart) on each side of this centre dart, thus making 9 darts altogether. Press darts towards centre back.

With centre back of collar to centre back of ribbon and with straight edges even, over-sew ribbon to collar on wrong side to within 1-3rd inch from centre fronts. Cut each end of ribbon to a point, as in photograph.



TO COMPLETE the dandified air of this easily made wing collar, a diamante pin is stabbed casually through the tie ends. Scatter pins are a pretty alternative.



DUTCH TEA-COSY is made from eight small sections. If embroidery is used, each piece should be worked before assembling. The tea-cosy is simple and inexpensive to make.

Dutch tea-cosy

Flannel, plain linen, or glazed chintz or any other suitable material can be used to make this Dutch tea-cosy.

Embroider plain materials with the design given below.

THE sections, cut according to the measurements in the diagram, are trimmed with rick-rack braid.

Here are the directions for making the cosy:

Materials: One piece of flannel or other material measuring 22in. by 24in.; lining also 22in. by 24in.; 3yds of rick-rack braid; cotton-wool; embroidery cotton (optional).

Make a paper pattern, using the diagram as a guide.

Cut eight pieces both of material and lining.

If embroidering the cosy, work the motif in stem, satin, and herringbone stitches.

Join each section of the cover to a section of the lining and fill with cotton-wool.

Sew the eight pieces together and finish seams with bands of rick-rack braid.

Roll a small strip of the material tightly and attach firmly to the top of the cosy. Sew a band of the braid around the base and centre of the handle.

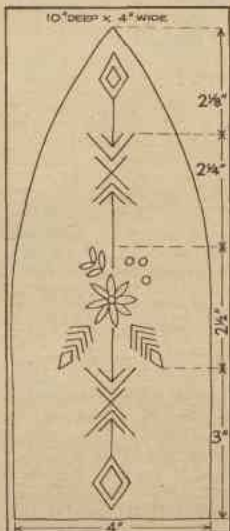


DIAGRAM showing section of Dutch tea-cosy. Eight pieces are required. Embroidery is optional.



Have you ever tried 'ASPRO' WITH A CUP OF TEA?

When you feel fagged out, irritable and nervy, try a couple of 'ASPRO' tablets with a cup of tea. There's a reason WHY this works so well. First of all, 'ASPRO' acts SOOTHINGLY - it removes your headache, nerviness or irritability in such a way that you feel calmed, clear-headed and relaxed. Secondly, 'ASPRO' is quick in action - a hot cup of tea makes it quicker still and at the same time provides mild, safe stimulation. 'ASPRO' tablets with a cup of tea is a splendid "quick-me-up" combination you should not fail to try.

"Tried different powders and tablets, but not one of them has given relief like 'ASPRO'."

"I am just another link in the chain of good 'ASPRO' users. It was through a testimonial published in the paper that I first decided to try your 'ASPRO' tablets. I found them all that the advertisement claimed and for many years now they have been a constant standby in relieving all my aches and pains. On one or two occasions when I have been without my 'ASPRO' I have tried different powders and tablets but not one of them has given relief like 'ASPRO'."

- from H. C. Miles, 30 O'Riordan Street, Alexandria, Sydney.

'ASPRO' does what it claims! That is why it has the biggest sale in the world of any medicine of its kind.

'ASPRO'

'ASPRO' TABLETS DO NOT HARM HEART OR STOMACH

How frequently any headache or pain reliever should be taken is a matter of individual needs, but you may rest assured 'ASPRO' tablets can be taken as often as necessary without fear of harm to the heart. Furthermore, 'ASPRO' tablets DO NOT create a habit.

AS20/50R

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A superb pen!

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PARKER

"51"

The only pen with the Aero-metric Ink System



LOOK INSIDE FOR THE SILVER SHEATH

With its different type of ink system, the new Parker '51' outdistances every other pen. A wholly new, scientific method of drawing in, storing, safeguarding and releasing ink, it's called the Aero-metric Ink System... and it's the most outstanding ever devised. See the new Parker '51'... it's a proud possession... a perfect gift!

- NEW FOTO-FILL FILLER
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- NEW PLI-GLASS RESERVOIR
- NEW VISIBLE INK SUPPLY
- and 4 other great advances

Prices: With Rolled Gold Cap, £7/17/6
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Parker '51' - world's most wanted pen

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"Why not take an aspirin?"
... I mean a Disprin"

For everyone who sometimes needs aspirin to relieve pain, science has made a new advance. Research workers have long been trying to overcome the acidity and low solubility of aspirin. They have been trying to provide aspirin in a neutral (non-acid) and soluble tablet. Now in Disprin they have succeeded.

Disprin confers all the pain-relieving, sedative benefits of aspirin and additional benefits of its own. Because it is substantially neutral and soluble, it gives relief without the likelihood of discomfort or gastric irritation. Because it is truly dissolved, Disprin passes speedily into the system, and its pain-relieving, soothing effects are felt without delay. Disprin is recommended for all those conditions in which ordinary aspirin have been taken

DISPRIN

TO RELIEVE PAIN

Obtainable only from chemists



1st.
in their
Class

The "double life" tunic gives months of extra wear because it is reversible — cut the same back and front and can be worn either way. Liberal seams: 3" wide — slipped hems; navy, brown, black in all-wool serges.

Cleo Blazers

are beautifully tailored in a wide selection of cloths, including famous Doctor flannel. Navy, brown, black.

Cleo Blouses

are regulation style with two-way collars — can be worn with or without a tie.



AT ALL LEADING STORES. Made by Cladders Ltd., 449 Pitt St., Sydney, N.S.W.

Fashion PATTERNS

F6727.—Nightgown designed with figure-flattering lines and lace trim. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½ yds. 36in. material and ¾ yds. 1in. lace edging. Price 4/6.

F6728.—Glamorous negligee has shirred band at waistline and wrists. The silhouette is gracefully full. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 8 yds. 36in. material and 9 yds. 1in. lace edging. Price, 4/9.



F6727

F6728

F6749

F6748

F6810

F6732



No. 166.—INFANT'S LAYETTE

The layette includes coat, frock, petticoat, and nightgown cut out ready to make and traced ready to embroider. The material is rayon crepe-de-chine obtainable in white, pale pink, and blue. Sizes: Infants to six months. Prices: Coat 20/11; postage, 1/6 extra. Frock, 19/6; postage 1/6 extra. Petticoat, 11/9; postage, 1/3 extra. Nightgown, 21/11; postage, 1/9 extra. Complete set, 72/6. Postage, 3/3 extra.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 168.—THREE TEA TOWELS

The towels are clearly traced ready to embroider on cream Irish linen with blue, red, lemon, or green borders. Sizes: 22 x 32in. Price, 6/6 each; or set of three, 18/9. Postage and registration, 1/9 extra.

No. 165.—WAIST APRON

Lace-trimmed apron traced ready to embroider and make is obtainable in cotton voile. The color choice includes pink, lemon, green, and white. The lace is supplied. Sizes: Medium, price 8/11. Postage, 8d. extra.

PATTERN FOR BEGINNERS

F6810.—Beginners' pattern for a child's combination underwear set. Sizes 1, 2, and 3 years. Requires 1 yd. 36in. material. Special price, 2/6.

F6732.—Smart-cut shortie coat. Size 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½ yds. 36in. material. Price, 3/6.

F6749.—One-piece daytime dress in form-fitting bodice top and full skirt. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½ yds. 36in. material. Price, 3/6.

F6748.—Slim skirt and waisted jacket make a smart between-seasons suit. Size 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½ yds. 36in. material and ¼ yd. 36in. contrast. Price, 3/6.

• Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney (postal address Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney). Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 46-D, G.P.O., Hobart; New Zealand readers to Box 666, G.P.O., Auckland.

No. 167.—THROWOVER

A lace-trimmed throwover traced ready to embroider and make in white, blue, pink, lemon, and green organza. Size 36 x 36in. Lace not supplied. Price, 8/3. Postage, extra.

NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. All Needlework Notions over 6/11 sent by registered post. Send orders for Needlework Notions (note prices) to address given above.



BANANA RICE CARAMEL is a delicious sweet for everyday or special occasions. If it is served cold, decorate it with chopped green jelly.

Tempting sweet wins £5

A simple, easily prepared sweet, banana rice caramel topped with meringue, wins the main prize of £5 in this week's cookery contest.

THE sweet may be prepared in individual dishes or in one large dish as illustrated. It can be made quite satisfactorily with one egg instead of two, though this will mean less meringue for decorating.

Serve banana rice caramel hot or cold. It is not advisable to chill it, as extreme cold discolors banana.

Scalloped corn with tomato and cheese savories are other interesting recipes that win consolation prizes.

All spoon measurements are level.

BANANA RICE CARAMEL

Half cup sugar, 1 tablespoon water, 2 cups milk, extra water, 2 tablespoons cornflour, 1 teaspoon butter, 2 cups cooked rice, vanilla essence, 2 eggs, extra 4 tablespoons sugar, 3 bananas.

Heat sugar and water slowly in small pan until changed to golden brown color. Add milk, stir until caramel melts and mixture is nearly boiling. Stir in cornflour blended with a

little extra water. Continue stirring until boiling, simmer 3 minutes. Add butter, beaten egg-yolks, and a few drops vanilla essence. Rinse rice with cold water, drain well, add to caramel with 1 tablespoon of the extra sugar. Allow to cool. Fold in sliced bananas, fill into ovenproof dish. Beat egg-whites and balance of sugar to meringue consistency. Flavor with vanilla, pipe or spoon on to caramel rice, set and lightly brown in moderate oven. Serve hot or cold.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. G. Hegarty, Wilkie St., Yeerongpilly, Brisbane.

SCALLOPED CORN

Two cobs cooked corn or 1 tin sweet corn, 3 tablespoons sago, 1 pint tomato puree, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 tablespoon shortening, salt and pepper to taste, 1 cup breadcrumbs, 1 tablespoon cream, extra crumbs, parsley.

Wash sago, soak 2 hours in tomato puree. Melt shortening, add flour, stir until smooth, continue stirring while cooking 1 to 2 minutes. Add sago

and puree, stir until boiling, add corn from cobs or tinned corn. Fold in breadcrumbs and cream. Season with salt and pepper. Fill into greased scallop shells, top with extra crumbs. Brown under grill or in oven. Serve garnished with parsley.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. W. Duck, 148 Carrington St., West Wallsend, N.S.W.

CHEESE SAVORIES

One cup self-raising flour, 1 cup plain flour, pinch salt, 4oz. shortening, 4 tablespoons grated cheese, 1 egg, cold water to mix, 3 tablespoons fish paste, 2 gherkins.

Sift dry ingredients, rub in shortening. Add cheese. Mix to stiff dough with beaten egg and water. Knead slightly on floured board, roll thinly. Cut into 1½ to 2in. circles. Place half the circles on biscuit trays, spread centres thickly with fish paste. Top each with 2 thin slices gherkin. Glaze edges, place remaining circles on top. Press lightly round edges, glaze tops, mark with knife. Bake in rather hot oven 10 to 12 minutes. Cool on cake-cooler. Serve garnished with parsley.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. L. G. Bennett, 23 Allison Rd., Elsternwick S.4, Vic.

Good nutrition

By SISTER MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse

A KNOWLEDGE of simple food values and the classes of food necessary for good nutrition is essential for all mothers of young families.

This is even more important these days, when high prices and shortages of some foods make it necessary for substitutes to be considered in daily menus.

A well-balanced diet, in addition to satisfying hunger, should include certain foods essential to good health.

A leaflet on this subject can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Scottish House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney. A stamped, addressed envelope should be forwarded with the request.



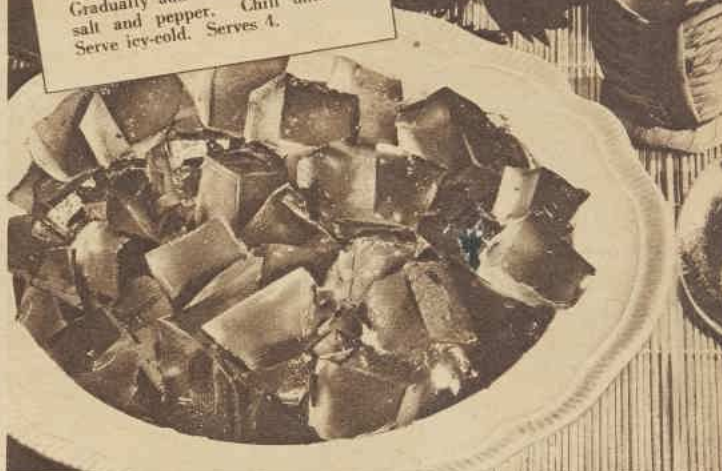
CHEESE, fish paste, and gherkins flavor these tempting savories. Garnished with parsley, they are a nice addition to afternoon tea or supper menus.

OUT OF A HEATWAVE CAME A BRAINWAVE!

MINT JELLY CONSOMME

Four large teaspoons of Bonox, 4 tablespoons chopped mint (or parsley), 5 teaspoons gelatine, 1 pint water, salt, pepper to taste.

Bring 1/3rd pint of water to boil. Pour over mint and gelatine. Let stand 5 minutes. Strain; make up to 1 pint by adding cold water. Gradually add Bonox. Season with salt and pepper. Chill until set. Serve icy-cold. Serves 4.



Stimulate jaded appetites with



— made with **BONOX**

Quick—easy—economical to make—and oh! so stimulating to drowsy summer appetites!

Why didn't we think of it before! It's a wonderful new idea! All you need is a bottle of Bonox, a few simple, inexpensive ingredients, and ZESTO!—you serve the most exciting liquid and jellied soups you've tasted in years!

So quick and easy to make, they beat the heat, the budget and stimulate dulled, jaded appetites. These icy-cold soups will not only start a meal right—but actually help you and your family get the most good out of summer meals you plan.

Food scientists say: "Appetites are often stimulated by meat extracts and peptones." Bonox is a blend of these!

So, this summer, serve all the goodness—all the concentrated goodness—of rich, prime beef... in this new, delicious icy-cold way!



BONOX
Made by KRAFT

P.S.—For a quick, mid-morning 'lift', don't forget your cup of hot Bonox.



ICED MINT BONOX CONSOMME. Four large teaspoons Bonox, 4 tablespoons chopped mint (or parsley), 1 pint of water, salt and pepper.

Bring 1/3rd pint of water to boil. Pour over mint. Let stand about 5 minutes. Strain; make up to 1 pint by adding cold water. Gradually add Bonox, then salt, pepper to taste. Chill and serve. Serves 4.



ICED JELLIED BONOX CONSOMME. Four large teaspoons Bonox, 1 pint water, 2 teaspoons Worcestershire sauce, 5 teaspoons gelatine, salt and pepper to taste.

Bring 1/3rd pint of water to boil; pour over gelatine to dissolve. Gradually add to Bonox and Worcestershire sauce. Stir in rest of water; add salt, pepper. Allow to set. Chill. Serves 4.



Gherkins 'n Spice —
it's

WONDERFUL!

this **KRAFT**
"SANDWICH RELISH"

Sweet, topped gherkins in a delicate, zesty, creamy-smooth spread . . . Kraft's "Sandwich Relish". Wonderful for all kinds of sandwiches, savouries and snacks! Look over the entire range of famous Kraft Spreads on this page

— and you'll want them all! Buy all of them . . . keep them handy for they're the handiest foods you can have in your cupboard. Every variety has a different taste appeal — yet each has the same wholesome food value and true Kraft quality.

NEW "Swanky Swig"
TALL re-usable

glasses in lovely TULIP patterns!

8 different colours!

Eat and drink from them!

5
DELICIOUS
SPREADS



KRAFT CHEESE SPREAD
... Make a hit with this mellow, full-bodied cheddar . . . a favourite with everyone.

KRAFT GORGONZOLA
... Give him the gorgonzola he loves — at a price you can afford! Perfect for sandwiches, savouries and snacks.

KRAFT "SMOKAY"
... Ever tasted smoked cheese? Enjoy this tantalising blend of sweet wood-smoke and golden cheddar. New taste thrill!

KRAFT CREAM CHEESE
... Serve the finest cream cheese of all. Mild of course — with a flavour that's "different".

All made by
KRAFT

There are as many good dinners in the sea as ever came out of it...

A NEW LINE FOR FISH

QUICK-FREEZING, refrigeration, and fast transport have made fish, fresh or smoked, obtainable in wider variety, and housewives who like to introduce variety to meals are able to do so by including a fish course.

Because the food value of fish is equal to that of meat, housewives can make good use of it in planning and serving the thousand-odd meals they prepare in a year.

Simple to prepare, fish dishes are attractive to the eye as well as satisfying to the appetite.

In some recipes, tinned fish cutlets or salmon may be used in place of cooked fish if necessary.

All spoon measurements are level.

FISH LOAF TARTARE

(See color photograph.)

One and a half pounds flaked cooked fish, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups medium-thickness white sauce, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup diced, cooked celery, salt and cayenne pepper to taste, 2 tablespoons diced parboiled red pepper (optional), 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, hard-boiled eggs (2, 3, or 4, as desired), 1 cup mayonnaise, 1 dessertspoon grated onion, $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons gelatine dissolved in 2 tablespoons hot water.

Combine fish, sauce, breadcrumbs, celery, salt, cayenne pepper, diced red pepper, lemon juice, and parsley. Fill half into greased loaf-tin. Arrange hard-boiled eggs along centre. If only 2 eggs are used, chop them and mix with the fish mixture. Add balance of fish mixture. Cover with greased paper, bake in moderate oven, standing loaf-tin in warm water, $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 hour. When half cold turn carefully on to serving platter, allow to become quite cold. Mix mayonnaise, onion, and dissolved gelatine. When beginning to thicken, spoon slowly over loaf. Chill until coating is set. Serve garnished with salad ingredients.

SPINACH-STUFFED FILLETS

(If preferred, a stuffing flavored with lemon rind, parsley, and a little grated onion may be used in place of the spinach.)

Two cups cooked spinach, 1 dessertspoon grated onion, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 egg-yolk, 1 cup soft bread-



by Our Food and Cookery Experts

crumbs, pinch grated lemon rind, 3 tablespoons grated cheese, 6 fish fillets, lemon, parsley.

Thoroughly drain spinach, chop very finely. Add onion, melted butter, egg-yolk, breadcrumbs, lemon rind, and cheese. Wash fillets well in salted water, dry, rub with a cut lemon. Place flat on dish and spread generously with spinach mixture. Roll up loosely, starting to roll from widest end. Secure with cocktail sticks. Stand upright on well-greased oven-tray. Cover with greased paper, bake in moderate oven until fish is soft, white, and flaky, about 20 to 25 minutes. Serve hot with lemon and parsley or with hot tartare sauce.

AMERICAN FISH PIE

(Tinned fish may be used in place of fresh fish.)

Two cups flaked cooked fish, lemon juice, 3 cups mashed potato, nut of butter, milk, 1 teaspoon grated onion,

1 dessertspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 cup medium-thickness white sauce, 2 chopped hard-boiled eggs, 3 tablespoons grated cheese, parsley.

Sprinkle fish lightly with lemon juice. Beat hot mashed potato until light and fluffy with butter, milk, and grated onion. Spread over bottom and sides of 8 in. or 9 in. tart-plate. Mix Worcestershire sauce with the fish, fill into potato-lined tart-plate. Cover with sauce and hard-boiled eggs mixed together. Top with balance of potato, sprinkle with grated cheese. Bake in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes until topping is lightly browned. Garnish with parsley.

BAKED FILLETS OF HADDOCK

(Chopped hard-boiled eggs may be added to the sauce if liked.)

Six service-sized pieces smoked haddock or blue cod, 2 cups medium-thickness white sauce, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon dry

mustard, 2 tablespoons sherry (optional), lemon juice, salt, cayenne pepper, chopped chives or finely diced parboiled green pepper, parsley, Melba toast.

Cover washed fish with cold water, bring slowly to boiling point. Drain, cover again with boiling water, and simmer very gently until flesh is soft, white, and flaky. Drain and place in greased ovenware dish. Flavor sauce with mustard, sherry, lemon juice, salt, cayenne pepper. Pour over fish. Sprinkle with chopped chives or green pepper. Bake in moderate oven 10 minutes, serve garnished with chopped parsley and a border of Melba toast.

SWEET AND SOUR FISH

Five or six fillets of bream or flat-head, 1 egg, 4 tablespoons cornflour, 1 tablespoon peanut oil or lard, 2 tablespoons finely chopped vegetable pickle, 1 scant teaspoon finely

FISH LOAF TARTARE is an appetising and savory way to serve fish. Chilled tomato soup and cherry shortcake, both made from familiar recipes, complete a satisfying dinner menu.

minced green ginger, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 dessertspoon tomato juice, 1 extra dessertspoon cornflour, 1 teaspoon dry sherry, 1 cup water.

Cut fish (washed in salted water and dried) into strips. Dip into beaten egg, coat well with cornflour. Heat oil or lard in a shallow pan, add fish, and cook over medium heat 3 or 4 minutes, stirring gently to prevent sticking. Prepare sauce in a small saucepan. Place pickle, ginger, lemon juice, sugar, and tomato sauce into saucepan with a small quantity of oil. Cook 2 minutes. Add cornflour blended with sherry and water. Stir until boiling, simmer 2 minutes. Stir into fish, cook 2 or 3 minutes longer over medium heat. Serve at once.

Wham - its good!
-specially for picnics!



Wham - The delicious blend of sugar-cured ham and prime beef

WHAM is all meat. Rich, super-tasty meat. No bones, no gristle, no useless expensive fat—but prime beef and tasty tender sugar-cured ham blended together in a completely new way! Protein-rich and nourishing. Serve it cold or serve it hot. You and your entire family will love it either way.

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WHAM is pressure cooked in the tin... to seal in all the rich juices—the EXTRA flavour, EXTRA nourishment.

Wham beats the high cost of meat!

Worried about meat prices? Forget it! There's no need for you to go without meat. Enjoy all the meat you want—and save money at the same time. Serve Wham. Wham is ALL meat. Nothing but good rich meat—at a reasonable price. So serve all the meat you and your family want. Serve plenty of Wham—hot or cold.



Made by **KRAFT**

12 oz. and 4 oz. Tins



MANDRAKE: Master magician, **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, and the beautiful **PRINCESS NARDA:** Are in the hands of thieves, whose headquarters are on a South Sea island. The island is used as a receiving depot for stolen goods under the control of

the sinister Headman. While Narda shelters at the Governor's house and Lothar is in chains on the yacht, unarmed Mandrake tries to steal the thieves' weapons for the helpless islanders. Headman orders his men to shoot him down. **NOW READ ON:**

"UNARMED, AM I?" CALLS MANDRAKE. HE GESTURES HYPNOTICALLY A MACHINE GUN SEEMS TO JUMP INTO HIS ARMS, SHOOTING A BARRAGE OF LEAD!



MANDRAKE RACES THROUGH THE UNDERGROUND CORRIDOR TO A LADDER—THAT MUST LEAD UP—SOMEWHERE, HE THINKS...



"IT DOES—TO THE SURFACE, NEAR THE FENCE THAT SURROUNDS THE GANGSTER CITY. THERE HE FINDS DARU, SON OF THE NATIVE CHIEF, STILL WAITING FOR HIM—"BRING YOUR WARRIORS TO THIS SPOT TONIGHT," HE TELLS HIM—"WE HAVE NO ARMS!" COMPLAINS DARU—"DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT, THIS IS YOUR CHANCE TO FREE YOURSELVES," REPLIES MANDRAKE.



MANDRAKE'S ESCAPE IS REPORTED TO THE HEADMAN. "WE CAN'T HANDLE HIM ALONE! WE'LL GET HIM THROUGH HIS GIRL, SHE'S AT THE GOVERNOR'S—BRING HER HERE!"



AND AT THE MANSION: "COME ON, BABY, THE BOYS WANNA MEET YOU!"



NARDA IS TAKEN THROUGH THE JUNGLE TO THE GATEWAY OF THE HIGH FENCE, FROM WHICH NO PRISONER HAS EVER RETURNED



SHE IS BROUGHT BEFORE SINISTER OLD HEADMAN, THE GANGSTER CHIEF. "HMM, MANDRAKE HAS GOOD TASTE—WE'RE HOLDING YOU AS A HOSTAGE, MY DEAR. HE'LL BEHAVE, WHEN HE KNOWS YOU'RE HERE."



MEANWHILE, MANDRAKE IS WORKING FAST TO DESTROY THE GANGSTER CITY: THE STOLEN YACHT, THE ARGOS, FLOATS ON THE RIVER...



LOTHAR LOOKS DOWN IN SURPRISE. "SHUSH, LOTHAR," MANDRAKE CAUTIONS HIM. "ARE YOU EVER UNCHAINED?" "THE MORNING AND NIGHT FOR MEALS," REPLIES LOTHAR SOFTLY.



"They stay brighter
longer!"

said the Walrus to the Carpenter

MAZDA
ELECTRIC
LAMPS
FILAMENT AND FLUORESCENT



Alice and her friends
STARRING IN WALT DISNEY'S
ALICE IN WONDERLAND
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MANUFACTURERS OF THE FAMOUS

Hothorn ELECTRIC SERVANTS

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - January 23, 1952

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*No ^{Pyrethrum} 1 Flowers
by Request*



The Pyrethrum Flower has never brought comfort to bereaved insects. They wish Pyrethrum had never been grown. The insects know only too well that the loveliness of the Pyrethrum Flower masks sudden certain death for flies, mosquitoes, moths, silverfish and the rest of their annoying and destructive gang. How much more do they hope to avoid the Pyrethrum in MORTEIN PLUS, now that it is synergised with Piperonyl Butoxide to increase its killing power. Scientists have recently discovered that by adding Piperonyl Butoxide to Pyrethrum it becomes many times more deadly to insect pests. One tiny particle of this new "Activated" spray kills 'em stone dead. Since the development of Piperonyl Butoxide as a synergist it has been included in 90% of all American Pyrethrum Insecticides, but there is only one Australian spray with this wonder formula—the new "Activated" MORTEIN PLUS, now on sale everywhere.

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Contains **Pyrethrum**
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HARMLESS TO HUMANS — FATAL TO FLIES AND ALL OTHER INSECT PESTS

